

# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*As it hath beene sundry times Acted,  
by the Kings Maiesties  
Seruants.*



AT LONDON

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# The Reuengers Tragædie.

## ACT I. SCÆ I.

*Enter Vendici, the Duke, Dutchesse, Lufurioso her sonne,  
Spurio the bastard, with a traine, passe over the  
Stage with Torch-light.*

Vindi. **D**Vke: royall lecher; goe, gray hayrde adultery,  
And thou his sonne, as impious steep as hee:  
And thou his bastard true-begott in euill:  
And thou his Dutchesse that will doe with Diuill,  
Foure extent Characters---O that marrow-lesse age,  
Would stuffe the hollow Bones with dambd desires,  
And stead of heate kindle infernall fires,  
Within the spend-thrift veynes of a drye Duke,  
A parcht and iucelesse luxur. O God! one  
That has scarce bloud inough to liue vpon,  
And hee to ryct it like a sonne and heyre?  
O the thought of that  
Turnes my abused heart-strings into fret.  
Thou fallow picture of my poysoned loue,  
My studies ornament, thou shell of Death,  
Once the bright face of my betrothed Lady,  
When life and beauty naturally fild out  
These ragged imperfections;  
When two-heauen-pointed Diamonds were set  
In those vnfightly Rings; -- then 'twas a face  
So farre beyond the artificiall shine  
Of any womans bought complexion  
That the vprightest man, (if such there be,  
That sinne but seauen times a day) broke custome  
And made vp eight with looking after her,  
Oh she was able to ha made a Vfurers sonne  
Melt all his patrimony in a kisse,  
And what his father fiftie yeares told  
To haue consumde, and yet his sute beene cold:  
But oh accursed Pallace!  
Thee when thou wert appareld in thy flesh,  
The old Duke poyson'd,  
Because thy purer part would not consent

## THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Vnto his palsey-lust, for old men lust-full  
Do show like young men angry, eager violent,  
Out-bid like their limited performances  
O ware an old-man hot, and vicious  
„ Age as in gold, in lust is couetous.  
*Vengeance* thou murders Quit-rent, and whereby  
Thou shoulst thy selfe Tennant to Tragedy,  
Oh keepe thy day, houre, minute, I beseech,  
For those thou hast determind: hum: who ere knew  
Murder vnpayd, faith giue Reuenge her due  
Sha's kept touch hetherto--be merry, merry,  
Aduance thee, O thou terror to fat folkes  
To haue their costly three-pilde flesh worne of  
As bare as this--for banquets: ease and laughter,  
Can make great men, as greatnesse goes by clay,  
But wise men little are more great then they?

*Enter her brother Hippolito.*

*Hip.* Still fighting ore deaths vizard.

*Vind.* Brother welcome,

What comfort bringst thou? how go things at Court?

*Hip.* In silke and siluer brother: neuer brauer.

*Vind.* Puh,

Thou playst vpon my meaning, pree-thee say

Has that bald Madam, Opportunity?

Yet thought vpon's, speake aie we happy yet?

Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabberd fit.

*Hip.* It may proue happinesse?

*Vind.* What ist may proue?

Giue me to tast.

*Hip.* Giue me your hearing then,

You know my place at Court.

*Vind.* I; the Dukes Chamber

But tis a maruaile thou art not turnd out yet!

*Hip.* Faith I haue beene shooud at, but twas still my hap

To hold by th Duchesse skirt, you gesse at that,

Whome such a Coate keepes vp can nere fall flat,

But to the purpose.

Last euening predecessor vnto this,



**THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.**

The Dukes sonne warily enquired for me,  
Whose pleasure I attended: he began,  
By policy to open and vnhuske me  
About the time and common rumour :  
But I had so much wit to keepe my thoughts  
Vp in their built houses, yet afforded him  
An idle satisfaction without danger,  
But the whole ayne, and scope of his intent  
Ended in this, coniuring me in priuate,  
To seeke some strange digested fellow forth:  
Of ill-contented nature, either disgrac't  
In formertimes, or by new groomes displac't,  
Since his Step-mothers nuptialls, such a bloud  
A man that were for euill onely good;  
To giue you the true word some base coynd Pander?

*Vind.* I reach you, for I know his heate is such,  
Were there as many Concubines as Ladies  
He would not be contaynd, he must flie out:  
I wonder how ill featurde, vilde proportiond.  
That one should be : if she were made for woman,  
Whom at the Insurrection of his lust  
He would refuse for once, heart, I thinke none,  
Next to a skull, tho more vnfound then one  
Each face he meetes he strongly doates vpon.

*Hip.* Brother y'auē truly spoke him?  
He knowes not you, but Ile sweare you know him.

*Vind.* And therefore ile put on that knaue for once,  
And be a right man then, a man a'th Time,  
For to be honest is not to be ith world,  
Brother ile be that strange composed fellow.

*Hip.* And ile prefer you brother.

*Vind.* Go too then,  
The smallest aduantage fattens wronged men  
It may point out, occasion, if I meete her,  
Ile hold her by the fore-top fast ynough;  
Or like the *French Moale* heaue vp hayre and all,  
I haue a habit that wil fit it quaintly,  
Here comes our Mother.

*Hip.* And sister.

# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Vind.* We must quoyne.

Women are apt you know to take false money,  
But I dare stake my soule for these two creatures  
Onely excuse excepted that they'le swallow,  
Because their sexe is easie in beleefe.

*Moth.* What newes from Cour sonne Carlo?

*Hip.* Faith Mother,  
Tis whisperd there the Duchesse yongest sonne  
Has playd a Rape on Lord *Antonios* wife.

*Moth.* On that religious Lady!

*Cast.* Royall bloud: monster he deserues to die,  
If *Italy* had no more hopes but he.

*Vin.* Sister y'au'e sentenc'd most direct, and true,  
The Lawes a woman, and would she were you:  
Mother I must take leaue of you.

*Moth.* Leaue for what?

*Vin.* I Intend speedy trauaile.

*Hip.* That he do's Madam. *Mo.* Speedy indeed!

*Vind.* For since my worthy fathers funerall,  
My life's vnnaturally to me, e'en compeld  
As if I liu'd now when I should be dead.

*Mot.* Indeed he was a worthy Gentleman  
Had his estate beene fellow to his mind.

*Vind.* The Duke did much deiect him.

*Moth.* Much?

*Vind.* To much.

And through disgrace oft smotherd in his spirit,  
When it would mount, surely I thinke hee dyed  
Of discontent: the Noblemans consumption.

*Moth.* Most sure he did!

*Vind.* Did he? lack, --- you know all  
You were his mid-night secretary.

*Moth.* No.

He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.

*Vind.* Yfaith then father thou wast wise indeed,  
,, Wiues are but made to go to bed and feede.  
Come mother, sister: youle bring me onward brother?

*Hip.* I will.

*Vind.*



# THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

*Vind.* Ile quickly turne into another. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the old Duke, Lufurioso, his sonne, the Duchesse; the Bastard, the Duchesse two sonnes Ambitioso, and Superuacuo, the third her yongest brought out with Officers for the Rape two Iudges.*

*Duke.* Duchesse it is your yongest sonne, we're sory,  
His violent Act has e'en drawne bloud of honor  
And staine our honors,  
Throwne inck vpon the for-head of our state  
Which enuious spirits will dip their pens into  
After our death; and blot vs in our Toombes.  
For that which would seeme treason in our liues  
Is laughter when we're dead. who dares now whisper  
That dares not then speake out, and e'en proclaime,  
With lowd words and broad pens our closest shame.

*Iud.* Your grace hath spoke like to your siluer yeares  
Full of confirmed grauity; -- for what is it to haue,  
A flattering false insculption on a Toombe:  
And in mens hearts reproch, the boweld Corps,  
May be seard in, but with free tongue I speake,  
„ The faults of great men through their searce clothes breake.

*Duk.* They do, we're sory for't, it is our fate,  
To liue in feare and die to liue in hate,  
I leaue him to your sentance dome him Lords  
The fact is great; whilst I sit by and sigh.

*Duch.* My gracious Lord I pray be mercifull,  
Although his trespasse far exceed his yeares,  
Thinke him to be your owne as I am yours,  
Call him not sonne in law: the law I feare  
Wil fal too soone vpon his name and him:  
Temper his fault with pittty?

*Luss.* Good my Lord.  
Then twill not tast so bitter and vnpleasant  
Vpon the Iudges pallat, for offences  
Gilt ore with mercy, show like fayrest women,  
Good onely for therr beauties, which washt of: no sin is oug-

*Ambitios.* I beseech your grace,  
Be soft and mild, let not Relentlesse Law,

(lier

Looke

# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Looke with an iron for-head on our brother

*Spu.* He yeelds small comfort yet, hope he shall die,  
And if a bastards wish might stand in force,  
Would all the court were turnde into a coarse,

*Duc.* No pittie yet? must I rise fruitlesse then,  
A wonder in a woman; are my knees,  
Of such lowe--mettall-- that without Respect—

*1. Iudg.* Let the offender stand forth,  
Tis the Dukes pleasure that Impartiall Doome,  
Shall take first hold of his vncleane attempt,  
A Rape! why tis the very core of lust,  
Double Adultery.

*Iuni.* So Sir.

*2. Ind.* And which was worse,  
Committed on the Lord *Antonios* wife,  
That Generall honest Lady, confesse my Lord!  
What mou'd you toot?

*Iuni.* why flesh and blood my Lord.  
What should moue men vnto a woman else,

*Luff.* O do not iest thy doome, trust not an axe  
Or sword too far; the Law is a wise serpent  
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life,  
Tho marriage onely has mad thee my brother,  
I loue thee so far, play not with thy Death,

*Iuni.* I thanke you troth, good admonitions faith,  
If ide the grace now to make vse of them,

*1. Ind.* That Ladyes name has spred such a faire wing  
Ouer all *Italy*; that if our Tonges,  
Were sparing toward the Fact, Iudgment it selfe,  
Would be condemned and suffer in mens thoughts,

*Iuni.* Well then tis done, and it would please me well  
Were it to doe agen: sure shees a Goddesse,  
For ide no power to see her, and to liue,  
It falls out true in this for I must die,  
Her beauty was ordaynd to be my scaffold,  
And yet my thinks I might be easier ceast,  
My fault being sport, let me but die in iest,

*1. Ind.* This be the sentence,

*Duc.*



## THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Dut.* O keep vpon your Tongue, let it not slip,  
Death too soone steales out of a Lawyers lip,  
Be not so cruell-wise?

*1. Indg.* Your Grace must pardon vs,  
'Tis but the Iustice of the Lawe.

*Dut.* The Lawe,  
Is growne more subtile then a woman should be.

*Spu.* Now, now he dyes, rid 'em away.

*Dut.* O what it is to haue an old-coole Duke,  
To bee as slack in tongue, as in performance.

*1. Indg.* Confirme, this be the doome irreuocable.

*Dut.* Oh! *1. Indg.* To morrow early.

*Dut.* Pray be a bed my Lord.

*1. Indg.* Your Grace much wrongs your selfe.

*Ambi.* No 'tis that tongue,  
Your too much right, dos do vs too much wrong.

*1. Indg.* Let that offender —————

*Dut.* Live, and be in health.

*1. Ind.* Be on a Scaffold—*Duk.* Hold, hold, my Lord.

*Spu.* Pax ont,  
What makes my Dad speake now?

*Duke.* We will defer the iudgement till next sitting,  
In the meane time let him be kept close prisoner:  
Guard beare him hence.

*Ambi.* Brother, this makes for thee,  
Feare not, wee leaue a trick to set thee free.

*Iuni.* Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope  
I rest. *Super.* Farewell, be merry. *Exit with a garde.*

*Spu.* Delayd, deferd nay then if iudgement haue cold bloud,  
Flattery and bribes will kill it.

*Duke.* About it then my Lords with your best powers,  
More serious businesse calls vpon our houres. *Exc. marret Du.*

*Dut.* Wast euer knowne step-Dutchesse was so milde,  
And calme as I? some now would plot his death,  
With easie Doctors, those loose liuing men,  
And make his witherd Grace fall to his Graue,  
And keepe Church better?  
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch

## THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Her double loathd Lord at meate and sleepe,  
Indeed 'tis true an old mans twice a childe,  
Mine cannot speake, one of his single words,  
Would quite haue freed my yongest decreft sonne  
From death or durance, and haue made him walke  
With a bold foote vpon the thornie law,  
Whose Prickles should bow vnder him, but 'tis not,  
And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot,  
He kill him in his fore-head, hate there feede,  
That wound is deepest tho it neuer bleed :  
And here comes hee whom my heart points vnto,  
His bastard sonne, but my loues true-begot,  
Many a wealthy letter haue I sent him,  
Sweld vp with Jewels, and the timorous man  
Is yet but coldly kinde,  
That Jewel's mine that quiuers in his eare,  
Mocking his Maisters chilnesse and vaine feare,  
Ha's spide me now.

*Spu.* Madame? your Grace so priuate.  
My duety on your hand.

*Dut.* Vpon my hand sir, troth I thinke youde feare,  
To kisse my hand too if my lip stood there,

*Spi.* Witnesse I would not Madam.

*Dut.* Tis a wonder,  
For ceremonie ha's made many fooles,  
It is as easie way vnto a Dutchesse,  
Asto a Hatted-dame, (if her loue answer)  
But that by timorous honors, pale respects,  
Idle degrees of feare, men make their wayes  
Hard of themselues---what haue you thought of me?

*Spi.* Madam I euer thinke of you, in duty,  
Regard and -----

*Dut.* Puh, vpon my loue I meane.

*Spu.* I would 'twere loue, but 'tus a fowler name  
Then lust; you are my fathers wife, your Grace may gesse now,  
What I could call it.

*Dut.* Why th'art his sonne but falsly,  
Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

*Spu.*



*Spu.* Ifaith 'tis true too ; I'me an vncertaine man,  
 Of more vncertaine woman ; may be his groomc<sup>e</sup> ath stable be-  
 got me, you know I know not, hee could ride a horse well, a  
 shrowd suspicion marry--- hee was wondrous tall, hee had his  
 length yfaith, for peeping ouer halfe shut holy-day windowes,  
 Men would desire him light, when he was a foote,  
 He made a goodly show vnder a Pent-house,  
 And when he rid, his Hatt would check the signes, and clatter  
 Barbers Basons.

*Dut.* Nay set you a horse back once,  
 Youle nere light off.

*Spu.* Indeed I am a beggar.

*Dut.* That's more the signe thou'art Great---but to our loue,  
 Let it stand firme both in thought and minde,  
 That the Duke was thy Father, as no doubt then  
 Hee bid faire fort, thy iniurie is the more,  
 For had hee cut thee a right Diamond,  
 Thou hadst beene next set in the Duke-doomes Ring,  
 When his worne selfe like Ages easie slaue,  
 Had dropt out of the Collet into th' Graue,  
 What wrong can equall this? canst thou be tame  
 And thinke vpon't.

*Spu.* No mad and thinke vpon't.

*Dut.* Who would not be reuengd of such a father,  
 E'en in the worst way? I would thanke that sinne,  
 That could most iniury him, and bee in league with it,  
 Oh what a grieve 'tis, that a man should liue  
 But once ith world, and then to liue a Bastard,  
 The curse a'the wombe, the theefe of Nature,  
 Begot against the seauenth commandement,  
 Halfe dambd in the conception, by the iustice  
 Of that vnbrided euerlasting law.

*Spu.* Oh Ide a hot-backt Diuill to my father.

*Dut.* Would not this mad e'en patience, make bloud rough?  
 Who but an Eunuch would not sinne? his bed  
 By one false minute disinherited.

*Spi.* I, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in,  
 He be reuengd for all, now hate begin,

He call foule Incest but a Veniall sinne.

*Dut.* Cold still; in vaine then must a Dutchesse woo?

*Spn.* Madam I blush to say what I will doo.

*Dut.* Thence flew sweet comfort, earnest and farewell.

*Spn.* Oh one incestuous kisse picks open hell.

*Dut.* Faith now old Duke; my vengeance shall reach high,  
He arme thy brow with womans Herauldrie. *Exit.*

*Spn.* Duke, thou didst do me wrong, and by thy Act  
Adultery is my nature;

Faith if the truth were knowne, I was begot

After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish

Was my first father; when deepe healths went round,

And Ladies cheekes were painted red with Wine,

Their tongues as short and nimble as their heeles

Vttering words sweet and thick; and when they rise,

Were merrily disposd to fall agen,

In such a whispring and with-drawing houre,

When base-male-Bawds kept Centinell at staire-head

Was I stolne softly; oh—damnation met

The sinne of feasts, drunken adultery.

I feele it swell me; my reuenge is iust,

I was begot in impudent Wine and Lust:

Step-mother I consent to thy desires,

I loue thy mischief well, but I hate thee,

And those three Cubs thy sonnes, wishing confusion

Death and disgrace may be their Epitaphs,

As for my brother the Dukes onely sonne,

Whose birth is more beholding to report

Then mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sowne.

(Women must not be trusted with their owne)

He loose my dayes vpon him hate all I,

Duke on thy browe he drawe my Bastardie.

For indeed a bastard by nature should make Cuckolds,

Because he is the sonne of a Cuckold-maker. *Exit.*

*Enter Vindici and Hippolito, Vindici in disguise to  
attend L. Lussurioso the Dukes sonne.*

*Vind.* What brother? am I farre inough from my selfe?

*Hip.* As if a nother man had beene sent whole

*Into*



Into the world, and none wist how he came.

*Vind.* It wil confirme me bould: the child a th Court,  
Let blushes dwell i th Country, impudence!  
Thou Goddesse of the pallace, Mistrs of Mistresses  
To whom the costly perfumd-people pray,  
Strike thou my fore-head into dauntlesse Marble;  
Mine eyes to steady Saphires: turne my visage,  
And if I must needs glow, let me blush inward  
That this immodest season may not spy,  
That scholler in my cheekes, foole-bashfullnes.  
That Maide in the old time, whose flush of *Grace*  
Would neuer suffer her to get good cloaths;  
Our maides are wiser; and are lesse ashamd,  
Saue *Grace* the bawde I seldome heare *Grace* nam'd!

*Hip.* Nay brother you reach out a th Verge now, -- Sfoote  
the Dukes sonne, settle your lookes.

*Vind.* Pray let me not be doubted.

*Hip.* My Lord---

*Luff.* *Hipolito?*--be absent leaue vs.

*Hip.* My Lord after long search, wary inquiryes  
And politick siftings, I made choise of yon fellow,  
Whom I gesse rare for many deepe imployments;  
This our age swims within him: and if Time  
Had so much hayre, I should take him for Time,  
He is so neere kinne to this present minute?

*Luff.* Tis ynough.

We thanke thee: yet words are but great-mens blanckes  
Gold tho it be dum do's vtter the best thanks.

*Hip.* Your plenteous honor---an exlent fellow my Lord.

*Luff.* So, giue vs leaue--welcome, bee not far off, we must bee  
better acquainted, push, be bould with vs, thy hand:

*Vind.* With all my heart yfaith how dost sweete Mus k-cat  
When shall we liet ogither?

*Luff.* Wondrous knaue!

Gather him into bouldnesse, Sfoote the slaue's  
Already as familiar as an Ague,  
And shakes me at his pleasure, friend I can  
Forget my selfe in priuate, but else where,  
I pray do you remember me.

*Vind.* Oh very well fir--- I confter my felfe fawcy!

*Luff.* What haft beene,  
Of what profeffion.

*Vind.* A bone-fetter!

*Luff.* A bone-fetter!

*Vind.* A bawde my Lord,  
One that fetts bones together.

*Luff.* Notable bluntneffe?  
Fit, fit for me, e'en traynd vp to my hand  
Thou haft beene Scriuener to much knauery then.

*Vind.* Foole, to abundance fir; I haue beene witneffe  
To the furrenders of a thoufand virgins,  
And not fo little,  
I haue feene Patrimonyes waft a peices  
Fruit-feilds turnd into bafards,  
And in a world of Acres,  
Not fo much duft due to the heire t'was left too  
As would well grauell a petition!

*Luff.* Fine villaine? troth I like him wonderoufly  
Hees e'en fhapt for my purpofe, then thou knowft  
Ith world ftrange luft.

*Vind.* O Dutch luft! fulfome luft!  
Druncken procrearion, which begets, fo many drunckards;  
Some father dreads not (gonne to bedde in wine) to flide from  
the mother,  
And cling the daughter-in-law,  
Some Vncles are adulterous with their Neeces,  
Brothers with brothers wiues, O howre of Inceft!  
Any kin now next to the Rim ath fifter  
Is mans meate in thefe dayes, and in the morning  
When they are vp and drefte, and their mafke on,  
Who can perceiue this? faue that eternall eye  
That fee's through flefh and all, well:--If any thing be dambd?  
It will be twelue a clock at night; that twelue  
Will neuer fcape;

It is the *Indas* of the howers; wherein,  
Honeft faluation is betrayde to fin,

*Luff.* Introth it is too? but let this talke glide  
It is our bloud to erre, tho hell gapte lowde



**THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.**

Ladies know *Lucifer* fell, yet still are proude!  
Now sir? wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtil,  
And deeply fadomd into all estates  
I would embrace thee for a neere imployment,  
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able  
To make lame beggers crouch to thee.

*Vind.* My Lord?

Secret? I nere had that disease ath mother  
I praise my father: why are men made cloffe?  
But to keepe thoughts in best, I grant you this  
Tell but some woman a secret ouer night,  
Your doctor may finde it in the vrinall ith morning,  
But my Lord.

*Luss.* So, thou'rt confirmd in mee  
And thus I enter thee.

*Vind.* This Indian diuill,  
Will quickly enter any man: but a Vsurer,  
He preuents that, by entring the diuill first.

*Luss.* Attend me, I am past my depht in lust  
And I must swim or drowne, all my desires  
Are leueld at a Virgin not far from Court,  
To whom I haue conuayde by Messenger  
Many waxt Lines, full of my heatest spirit,  
And iewells that were able to iauish her  
Without the helpe of man; all which and more  
Shee foolish chaste sent back, the messengers,  
Receiuing frownes for answeres.

*Vind.* Possible!

Tis a rare *Phenix* who ere she bee,  
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,  
Introth my Lord ide be reuengde and marry her.

*Luss.* Push; the doury of her bloud & of her fortunes,  
Are both too meane, -- good ynough to be bad withal  
I me one of that number can defend  
Marriage is good: yet rather keepe a friend,  
Giue me my bed by stealth -- theres true delight  
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night,

*Vind.* A very fine relligion?

## THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Luff.* Therefore thus,  
 Ile trust thee in the businesse of my heart  
 Because I see thee wel experienc't  
 In this Luxurious day wherein we breath,  
 Go thou, and with a smooth enchaunting tongue  
 Bewitch her eares, and Couzen her of all Grace  
 Enter vpon the portion of her soule,  
 Her honor, which she calls her chastity  
 And bring it into expence, for honesty  
 Is like a stock of money layd to sleepe,  
 Which nere so little broke, do's neuer keep:

*Vind.* You haue gint the Tang yfaith my Lord  
 Make knowne the Lady to me, and my braine,  
 Shall swell with strange Inuention: I will moue it  
 Till I expire with speaking, and drop downe  
 Without a word to saue me; ---but ile worke —————

*Luff.* We thanke thee, and will raise thee:--receiue her name,  
 it is the only daughter, to Madame *Gratiana* the late widdow.

*Vind.* Oh, my sister, my sister?-- *Luff.* Why dost walke aside?

*Vind.* My Lord, I was thinking how I might begin  
 As thus, oh Ladie--or twenty hundred deuices,  
 Her very bodkin will put a man in.

*Luff.* I, or the wagging of her haire.

*Vind.* No, that shall put you in my Lord.

*Luff.* Shal't? why content, dost know the daughter then?

*Vind.* O extlent well by sight.

*Luff.* That was her brother  
 That did prefer thee to vs.

*Vind.* My Lord I thinke so,  
 Iknew I had scene him some where---

*Luff.* And therefore pree-thee let thy heart to him,  
 Be as a Virgin, crosse.

*Vind.* Oh me good Lord.

*Luff.* We may laugh at that simple age within him;

*Vind.* Ha. ha, ha.

*Luff.* Himselfe being made the subtill instrument,  
 To winde vp a good fellow.

*Vind.* That's I my Lord.

*Luff.* That's thou.



# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

To entice and worke his sister.

*Vind.* A pure nouice?

*Luff.* T'was finely manag'd.

*Vind.* Gallantly carried;

A pretty-perfumde villaine.

*Luff.* I'ue bethought me

If she prooue chaste still and immoueable,

Venture vpon the Mother, and with giftes

As I will furnish thee, begin with her.

*Vin.* Oh fie, fie, that's the wrong end my Lord. Tis meere impossible that a mother by any gifts should become a bawde to her owne Daughter!

*Luff.* Nay then I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtile Mystery of, a woman:--why tis held now no dainty dish: The name

Is so in league with age, that now adaies

It do's Eclipse three quarters of a Mother;

*Vind.* Dost so my Lord?

Let me alone then to Eclipse the fourth.

*Luff.* Why well sayd, come ile furnish thee, but first sweare to be true in all.

*Vind.* True?

*Luff.* Nay but sweare!

*Vind.* Sweare?—I hope your honor little doubts my sayth.

*Luff.* Yet for my humours sake cause I loue swearing.

*Vind.* Cause you loue swearing, flud I will.

*Luff.* Why ynough,

Ere long looke to be made of better stuff.

*Vind.* That will do well indeed my Lord.

*Luff.* Attend me?

*Vind.* Oh.

Now let me burst, I'ue eaten Noble poyson,

We are made strange fellowes, brother, innocent villaines,

Wilt not be angry when thou hearst on't, thinkst thou?

If sayth thou shalt; sweare me to foule my sister.

Sword I durst make a promise of him to thee,

Thou shalt dis-heire him, it shall be thine honor,

And yet now angry froath is downe in me,

It would not proue the meanest policy

In this disguise to try the sayth of both,

Another might haue had the selfe same office,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Some slave, that would haue wrought effect ally,  
I and perhaps ore-wrought em, therefore I,  
Being thought trauayld, will apply my selfe,  
Vnto the selfe same forme, forget my nature,  
As if no part about me were kin to em,  
So touch 'em, --- tho I durst a most for good,  
Venture my lands in heauen vpon their good.

Exit.

Enter the discontented Lord Antonio, whose wife the Duchesses  
youngest Sonne rauisht; he Discovering the body of her dead  
to certaine Lords: and Hippolito.

L. Ant. Draw neerer Lords and be sad witnesses  
Of a fayre comely building newly falne,  
Being falsely vndermined: violent rape  
Has playd a glorious act, behold my Lords  
A sight that strikes man out of me:

Piero. That vertuous Lady? Ant. President for wiues?

Hip. The blush of many weomen, whose chaste presence,  
Would ene call shame vp to their cheekes,  
And make pale wanton sinners haue good colours.---

L. Ant. Dead!

Het honor first drunke poyson, and her life,  
Being fellowes in one house did pledge her honour,

Pier. O greefe of many!

L. Anto. I markt not this before.

A prayer Booke the pillow to her cheeke,  
This was her rich confection, and another  
Plast'd in her right hand, with a leafe tuckt vp,  
Poynting to these words.

*Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecus viuere.*

True and effectuell it is indeed.

Hip. My Lord since you enuite vs to your sorrowes,  
Lets truly tast 'em, that with equall comfort,  
As to our selues we may releue your wrongs,  
We haue greefe too, that yet walkes without Tong,

*Cura leues l'quuntur, Maiores stupent.*

L. Ant. You deale with truth my Lord.

Lend me but your Attentions, and Ile cut  
Long greefe into short words: last reuelling night.

When



## THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

When Torch-light made an artificiall noone  
 About the Court, some Courtiers in the maske,  
 Putting on better faces then their owne,  
 Being full of frowde and flattery: amongst whome,  
 The Ducheses yongest sonne (that moth to honor)  
 Fild vp a Roome; and with long lust to eat,  
 Into my wearing; amongst all the Ladyes,  
 Singled out that deere forme; who euer liu'd,  
 As cold in Lust as shee is now in death;  
 (Which that step Duches---Monster knew to well;)   
 And therefore in the height of all the reuells,  
 When Musick was hard lowdest, Courtiers busiest,  
 And Ladies great with laughter;---O Vitious minute!  
 Vnsit but for relation to be spoke of,  
 Then with a face more impudent then his vizard  
 He harried her amidst a throng of Panders,  
 That liue vppon damnation of both kindes,  
 And fed the rauinous vulture of his lust,  
 (O death to thinke ont) she her honor forst,  
 Decmd it a nobler dowry for her name,  
 To die with poyson then to liue with shame.

*Hip.* A wondrous Lady; of rare fire compact,  
 Sh'as made her name an Empreffe by that act,

*Pier.* My Lord what iudgement followes the offender?

*L. Ant* Faich none my Lord it cooles and is deferd,

*Pier.* Delay the doome for rape?

*L. Ant,* O you must note who tis should die,  
 The Duchesse sonne, sheele looke to be a sauer,  
 "Iudgment in this age is nere kin to fauour.

*Hip.* Nay then step forth thou *Bribelesse* officer;  
 I bind you all in steele to bind you surely,  
 Heer let your oths meet, to be kept and payd,  
 Which else will sticke like rust, and shame the blade,  
 Strengthen my vow, that if at the next sitting,  
 Iudgment speake all in gold, and spare the bloud  
 Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats,  
 To let his soule out, which long since was found,  
 Guilty in heauen.

# THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

*All.* We sweare it and will act it,

*L. Anto.* Kind Gentlemen, I thanke you in mine Ire,

*Hip.* I were pittie?

The ruins of so faire a Monument,

Sould not be dipt in the defacers bloud,

*Piero.* Her funerall shall be wealthy, for her name,

Merits a toombe of pearle; my Lord *Antonio*,

For this time wipe your Lady from your eyes,

No doubt our greefe and youres may one day court it,

When we are more familiar with Reueng,

*L. Anto.* That is my comfort Gentlemen, and I loy,

In this one happines aboue the rest,

Which will be cald a miralce at last,

That being an old--man ide a wife so chaste.

*Exeunt.*

## ACTVS. 2. SCÆ. 1.

*Enter Castiza the sister.*

*Cast.* How hardly shall that mayden be beset,  
Whose onely fortunes, are her constant thoughts,  
That has no other childe-part but her honor,  
That Keepses her lowe; and empty in estate.  
Maydes and their honors are like poore beginners,  
Were not sinne rich there would be fewer sinners;  
Why had not vertue a reuennewe? well,  
I know the cause, twold haue impouerish'd hell.  
How now *Dondolo*.

*Don. Madona*, there is one as they say a thing of flesh and  
blood, a man I take him by his beard that would very desire-  
ously mouth to mouth with you.

*Cast.* Whats that?

*Don.* Show his teeth in your company,

*Cast.* I vnderstand thee not;

*Don.* Why speake with you *Madona*!

*Cast.* Why say so mad-man, and cut of a great deale of durty  
way; had it not beene better spoke in ordinary words that one  
would speake with me.

*Don.* Ha, ha, thats as ordinary as two shillings, I would strue  
a little



## THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

alittle to show my selfe in my place, a Gentleman-vsher scornes  
to vse the Phrase and fanzyc of a seruingman.

*Cast.* Yours be your one sir, go direct him hether,  
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,  
That lately trauayld, whome my soule affects.  
Here he comes.

*Enter Vindice her brother disguised.*

*Vin.* Lady the best of wishes to your sexe.  
Fairst skins and new gownes,

*Cast.* Oh they shall thanke you sir,  
Whence this,

*Vin.* Oh from a deere and worthy friend,  
mighty!

*Cast.* From whome?

*Vin.* The Dukes sonne!

*Cast.* Receiue that!

*A boxe at her care to her Brother.*

I swore I'de put anger in my hand,  
And passe the Virgin limits of my selfe,  
To him that next appear'd in that base office,  
To be his sinnes Atturney, beare to him,  
That figure of my hate vpon thy cheek  
Whilst tis yet hot, and Ile reward thee fort,  
Tell him my honor shall haue a rich name,  
When seuerall harlots shall share his with shame,  
Farewell commend me to him in my hate!

*Exit.*

*Vin.* It is the sweetest Boxe,  
That ere my nose came nye,  
The finest drawne-worke cusse that ere was worne,  
Ile loue this blowe for euer, and this cheek  
Shall still hence forward take the wall of this.  
Oh Ime a boue my tong: most constant sister,  
In this thou hast right honorable showne,  
Many are cald by their honour that haue none,  
Thou art approu'd for euer in my thoughts.  
It is not in the power of words to taynt thee,  
And yet for the saluation of my oth,  
As my resolute in that poynt; I will lay,  
Hard seige vnto my Mother, tho I know,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

A *Syrrens* tongue could not bewitch her so.  
Masle fitly here she comes, thanks my disguise,  
Madame good af ernoone,

*Moth.* Y are welcome sir?

*Vind.* The Next of *Italy* commends him to you,  
Our mighty expectation, the Dukes sonne.

*Moth.* I thinke my selfe much honord, that he pleases,  
To ranck me in his thoughts.

*Vind.* So may you Lady:  
One that is like to be our suddaine Duke,  
The Crowne gapes for him euey tide, and then  
Commander oie vs all, do but thinke on him,  
How blest were they now that could pleasure him  
E'en with any thing almost.

*Moth.* I, saue their honor?

*Vind.* Tut, one would let a little of that go too  
And nere be seene in't: nere be seene it, marke you,  
Ide winck and let it go —————

*Moth.* Marry but I would not.

*Vind.* Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,  
If youd that bloud now which you gaue your daughter,  
To her indeed tis, this wheele comes about,  
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning  
(For his white father do's but moule away)  
Has long desirde your daughter.

*Moth.* Desirde?

*Vind.* Nay but heare me,  
He desirs now that will command hereafter,  
Therefore be wise, I speake as more a friend  
To you then him; Madam, I know y are poore,  
And lack the day, there are too many poore Ladies already  
Why should you vex the number? tis despisd;  
Liue wealthy, rightly vnderstand the world;  
And chide away that foolish—Country girle  
Keepes company with your daughter, chastity,

*Moth.* Oh fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mo-  
ther to such a most vnnaturall taske.

*Vind.* No, but a thousand Angells can,  
Men haue no power, Angells must worke you too't,



THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

The world descends into such base-borne euills  
That forty Angells can make fourescore diuills,  
There will be fooles still I perceiue, still foole.  
Would I be poore dejected, scornd of greatnesse,  
Swept from the Pallace, and see other daughters  
Spring with the dewe at Court, hauing mine owne  
So much desir'd and lou'd---by the Dukes sonne,  
No, I would raise my state vpon her brest  
And call her eyes my Tennants, I would count  
My yearely maintenance vpon her cheekes:  
Take Coach vpon her lip, and all her partes  
Should keepe men after men, and I would ride,  
In pleasure vpon pleasure:

You tooke great paines for her, once when it was,  
Let her requite it now, tho it be but some  
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home,

*Moth.* O heauens! this ouer-comes me?

*Vind.* Not I hope, already?

*Moth.* It is too strong for me, men know that know vs,  
We are so weake their words can ouerthrow vs,  
He toucht me neerely made my vertues bate  
When his tongue struck vpon my poore estate.

*Vind.* I e'en quake to proceede, my spirit turnes edge?  
I feare me she's vnmotherd, yet ile venture,

„ That woman is all male, whome none can Enter?

What thinke you now Lady, speake are you wiser?

What sayd aduancement to you: thus it sayd!

The daughters fall lifts vp the mothers head:

Did it not Madame? but ile sweare it does

In many places, tut, this age feares no man,

„ Tis no shame to be bad, because tis common.

*Moth.* I that's the comfort on't.

*Vind.* The comfort on't!

I keepe the best for last, can these perswade you

To forget heauen---and---

*Moth.* I these are they?

*Vind.* Oh!

*Moth.* That enchant our sexe,

These are the means that gouerne our affections, ---that woman

Will

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Will not be troubled with the mother long,  
That sees the comfortable shine of you,  
I blush to thinke what for your sakes Ile do!

*Vind.* O suffering heauen with thy inuisible finger,  
Ene at this Instant turne the pretious side  
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see my selfe,

*Mot.* Looke you sir.

*Vin.* Holla.

*Mot.* Let this thanke your paines.

*Vind.* O you'r a kind Mad-man;

*Mot.* Ile see how I can moue,

*Vind.* Your words will sting,

*Mot.* If she be still chaste Ile nere call her mine,

*Vind.* Spoke truer then you ment it,

*Mot.* Daughter *Castiza*.

*Cast.* Madam,

*Vind.* O shees yonder.

Meete her:troupes of celestiaall Soldiers gard her heart.

Yon dam has deuills ynough to take her part,

*Cast.* Madam what makes yon euill offic'd man,  
In presence of you;

*Mot.* Why?

*Cast.* He lately brought  
Immodest writing sent from the Dukes sonne  
To tempt me to dishonorable Act,

*Mot.* Dishonorable Act?—good honorable foole,  
That wouldst be honest cause thou wouldst be so,  
Producing no one reason but thy will.  
And t'as a good report,pretely commended,  
But pray by whome;meane people;ignorant people,  
The better sort I me sure cannot abide it,  
And by what rule shouldst we square out our liues,  
But by our betters actions? oh if thou knew'st  
What t'were to loose it,thou would neuer keepe it:  
But theres a cold curse layd vpon all Maydes,  
Whilst other clip the Sunne they clasp the shades!  
Virginity is paradise,lockt vp.  
You cannot come by your selues without fee.  
And twas decreed that man should keepe the key!  
Deny aduancement,treasure,the Dukes sonne,  
*Cast.* I cry you mercy. Lady I mistooke you,

Pray



## THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Pray did you see my Mother ; which way went you ?  
Pray God I haue not lost her.

*Vind.* Prittily put by.

*Moth.* Are you as proud to me as coye to him ?  
Doe you not know me now ?

*Cast.* Why are you shee ?

The worlds so changd, one shape into another,  
It is a wise childe now that knowes her mother ?

*Vind.* Most right ifaith.

*Mother.* I owe your cheeke my hand,  
For that presumption now, but Ile forget it,  
Come you shall leaue those childish hauours,  
And vnderstand your Time, Fortunes flow to you,  
What will you be a Girle ?  
If all feard drowning, that spye waues a shoare,  
Gold would grow rich, and all the Marchants poore.

*Cast.* It is a pritty saying of a wicked one, but me thinkes now  
It dos not show so well out of your mouth,  
Better in his.

*Vind.* Faith bad inough in both,  
Were I in earnest as Ile seeme no lesse ?  
I wonder Lady your owne mothers words,  
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.  
'Tis honestie you vrge ; what's honestie ?  
'Tis but heauens beggar ; and what woman is so foolish to  
keepe honesty,

And be not able to keepe her-selſe ? No,  
Times are growne wiser and will keepe lesse charge,  
A Maide that h'as small portion now entends,  
To breake vp house, and liue vpon her friends.  
How blest are you, you haue happinesse alone,  
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,  
Sufficient in him-selſe to make your fore-head  
Dazle the world with Iewels, and petitionary people  
Start at your presence.

*Mother.* Oh if I were yong, I should be rauisht.

*Cast.* I to loose your honour.

*Vind.* Slid how can you loose your honor?

## THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

To deale with my Lords Grace,  
Heele adde more honour to it by his Title,  
Your Mother will tell you how.

*Mother.* That I will.

*Vind.* O thinke vpon the pleasure of the Pallace,  
Secured ease and state; the stirring meates, (their eaten,  
Ready to moue out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when  
Banquets abroad by Torch-light, Musicks, sports,  
Bare-headed vassailes, that had nere the fortune  
To keepe on their owne Hats, but let hornes were em.  
Nine Coaches waiting--hurry, hurry, hurry.

*Cast.* I to the Diuill.

*Vind.* I to the Diuill, toth' Duke by my faith.

*Moth.* I to the Duke: daughter youde scorne to thinke ath'  
Diuill and you were there once,

*Vin.* True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart ifaith  
Who'de sit at home in a neglected roome,  
Dealing her short-liu'de beauty to the pictures,  
That are as vse-lesse as old men, when those  
Poorer in face and fortune then her-selke,  
Walke with a hundred Acres on their backs,  
Faire Medowes cut into Greene fore-parts--oh  
It was the greatest blessing euer happened to women;  
When Farmers sonnes agreed, and met agen,  
To wash their hands, and come vp Gentlemen;  
The common-wealth has flourish't euer since,  
Lands that were meat by the Rod, that labors spar'd,  
Taylors ride downe, and measure em by the yeard;  
Faire trees, those comely fore-tops of the Field,  
Are cut to maintaine head-tires--much vntold,  
All thriues but Chastity, she lyes a cold,  
Nay shall I come neerer to you, marke but this:  
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer  
profession, that's accounted best, thats best followed, least in  
trade, least in fashion, and thats not honesty belecue it, and doe  
but note the loue and deieted price of it:

*Loose but a Pearle, we search and cannot brooke it.*

*But that once gone, who is so mad to looke it.*

*Mother*



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Mother.* Troth he sayes true.

*Cast.* False, I defie you both :

I haue endur'd you with an eare of fire,  
Your Tongues haue struck hotte yrons on my face;  
Mother, come from that poysonous woman there.

*Mother.* Where?

*Cast.* Do you not see her, shee's too inward then :  
Slaue perish in thy office: you heauens please,  
Hence-forth to make the Mother a disease,  
Which first begins with me, yet I'ue out-gon you. *Exit.*

*Vind.* O Angels clap your wings vpon the skyes,  
And giue this Virgin Christall plaudities?

*Mot.* Peeuish, coy, foolish, but returne this answer,  
My Lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure  
Conducts him this way, I will sway mine owne,  
Women with women can worke best alone. *Exit.*

*Vind.* Indeed Ile tell him so ;  
O more vnciuill, more vnnaturall,  
Then those base-titled creatures that looke downe-ward,  
Why do's not heauen turne black, or with a frowne  
Vndoo the world---why do's not earth start vp,  
And strike the finnes that tread vppon't---oh ;  
Wert not for gold and women; there would be no damnation,  
Hell would looke like a Lords Great Kitchen without fire in't ;  
But 'twas decreed before the world began,  
That they should be the hookes to catch, at man. *Exit.*

*Enter Lussurioso, with Hippolito,  
Vindicies brother.*

*Luss.* I much applaud thy iudgement, thou art well read in a fellow,

And 'tis the deepest Arte to studie man ;  
I know this, which I neuer learnt in schooles,  
The world's diuided into knaues and fooles.

*Hip.* Knaue in your face my Lord, behinde your back.

*Luss.* And I much thanke thee, that thou hast preferd,  
A fellow of discourse---well mingled,  
And whose braine Time hath seasond.

*Hip.* True my Lord,

# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

We shall finde season once I hope; —O villaine!  
To make such an vnnaturall slaue of me; --but--

*Luff.* Masse here he comes.

*Hip.* And now shall I haue free leaue to depart.

*Luff.* Your absence, leaue vs.

*Hip.* Are not my thoughts true?

I must remooue; but brother you may stay,  
Heart, we are both made Bawdes a new-found way? *Exit.*

*Luff.* Now, we're an euen number? a third mans dangerous,  
Especially her brother, say, be free,  
Haue I a pleasure toward. *Vind.* Oh my Lord.

*Luff.* Rauish me in thine answer, art thou rare,  
Hast thou beguilde her of saluation,  
And rubd hell ore with hunny; is she a woman?

*Vind.* In all but in Desire.

*Luff.* Then shee's in nothing, --I bate in courage now.

*Vind.* The words I brought,  
Might well haue made indifferent honest, naught,  
A right good woman in these dayes is changde,  
Into white money with lesse labour farre,  
Many a Maide has turn'd to Mahomet,  
With easier working; I durst vndertake  
Vpon the pawne and forfeit of my life,  
With halfe those words to flat a Puritanes wife,  
But she is close and good; -- yet 'tis a doubt by this time; oh  
the mother, the mother?

*Luff.* I neuer thought their sex had beene a wonder,  
Vntill this minute? what fruite from the Mother?

*Vind.* Now must I blister my soule, be forsworne,  
Or shame the woman that receiu'd mee first,  
I will be true, thou liu'st not to proclaime,  
Spoke to a dying man, shame ha's no shame,  
My Lord. *Luff.* Whose that?

*Vind.* Heres none but I my Lord.

*Luff.* What would thy hast vtter?

*Vind.* Comfort.

*Luff.* Welcome.

*Vind.* The Maide being dull, hauing no minde to trauell,  
Into vnknowne lands, what did me I straight,



But set spurs to the Mother; golden spurs,  
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice,

*Luss.* Ist possible that in this.

The Mother should be dambd before the daughter?

*Vin.* Oh, that's good manners my Lord, the Mother for her  
age must goe formost you know.

*Lu.* Thou'lt spoke that true but where comes in this comfort.

*Vind.* In a fine place my Lord---the vnnaturall mother,  
Did with her tong so hard be set her honor,  
That the poore foole was struck to silent wonder,  
Yet still the maid like an vnlighted Taper,  
Was cold and chaste, saue that her Mothers breath,  
Did blowe fire on her checkes, the girle departed,  
But the good antient Madam halfe mad, threwe me  
These promissing words, which I tooke deeply note of;  
My Lord shall be most wellcome,

*Luss.* Faith I thanke her,

*Vin.* When his pleasure conducts him this way.

*Luss.* That shall be soone ifath, *Vind.* I will sway mine owne,

*Luss.* Shee do's the wiser I commend her fort,

*Vind.* Women with women can worke best alone,

*Luss.* By this light and so they can, giue 'em their due, men are  
not comparab'le to 'em.

*Vind.* No thats true, for you shall haue one woman knit  
more in a hower then any man can Rauell agen in seauen and  
twenty yeare.

*Luss.* Now my desires are happy, Ile make 'em free-men now,  
Thou art a pretious fellow, faith I loue thee,  
Be wise and make it thy reuennew, beg, leg,  
What office couldst thou be Ambitious for?

*Vind.* Office my Lord marry if I might haue my wish I would  
haue one that was neuer begd yet,

*Luss.* Nay then thou canst haue none.

*Vind.* Yes my Lord I could picke out another office yet, nay  
and keepe a horse and drab vppont,

*Luss.* Prethee good bluntnes tell me.

*Vind.* Why I would desire but this my Lord, to haue all the  
sees behind the Arras; and all the farthingales that sal plumpe

about twelue a clock at night vpon the Rushes.

*Luff.* Thou'rt a mad apprehensiue knaue, dost thinke to make any great purchase of that.

*Vind.* Oh tis an vknowne thing my Lord, I wonder ta's been mist so long?

*Luff.* Well, this night ile visit her, and tis till then  
A yeare in my desires--farwell, attend,  
Trust me with thy preferment.

*Exit.*

*Vind.* My lou'd Lord;  
Oh shall I kill him ath wrong-side now, no!  
Sword thou wast neuer a back-biter yet,  
Ile peirce him to his face, he shall die, looking vpon me,  
Thy veines are sweld with lust, this shall vnfill e'm,  
Great men were Gods, if beggers could not kil e'm,  
Forgiue me heauen, to call my mother wicked,  
Oh lessen not my daies vpon the earth  
I cannot honor her, by this I feare me  
Hertongue has turnd my sister into vse.  
I was a villaine not to be forsworne:  
To this our lecherous hope, the Dukes sonne,  
For Lawiers, Merchants, some diuines and all,  
Count beneficiall periury a sin small,  
It shall go hard yet, but ile guard her honor  
And keepe the portes sure?

*Enter Hippol.*

*Hip.* Brother how goes the world? I would know newes of you  
But I haue newes to tell you.

*Vind.* What in the name of knauery?

*Hip.* Knauery sayth,  
This vicious old Duke's worthily abusde  
The pen of his bastard writes him Cuckold!

*Vind.* His bastard?

*Hip.* Pray belecue it, he and the Duchesse,  
By night meete in their linnen, they haue beene seene  
By staire-foote pandars!

*Vind.* Oh sin foule and deepe,  
Great faults are winckt at when the Duke's a sleepe,  
See, see, here comes the *Spurio.*

*Hip.* Monstrous Luxur?

*Vind.*



## THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Vind.* Vnbraç'd: two of his valiant bawdes with him.  
O There's a wicked whisper; hell is in his care  
Stay let's obserue his passage —————

*Sp.* Oh but are you sure on't.

*Ser.* My Lord most sure on't, for twas spoke by one,  
That is most inward with the Dukes sonnes lust:  
That he intends within this houre to steale,  
Vnto *Hippolitoes* sister, whose chaste life  
The mother has corrupted for his vse.

*Sp.* Sweete word, sweete occasion, sayth then brother  
Ile disinherit you in as short time,  
As I was when I was begot in haste:  
Ile dam you at your pleasure: pretious deed  
After your lust, oh twill be fine to bleede,  
Come let our passing out be soft & wary. *Exeunt.*

*Vi.* Marke, there, there, that step, now to the Duches,  
This their second meeting, writes the Duke Cuckold  
With new additions, his hornes newly reuiu'd:  
Night! thou that lookst like funerall Heraulds fees  
Torne downe betimes ith morning, thou hangst fittly  
To Grace those sins that haue no grace at all,  
Now tis full sea a bed ouer the world,  
Theres iugling of all sides, some that were Maides  
E'en at Sun set are now perhaps ith Toale-booke,  
This woman in immodest thin apparell:  
Lets in her friend by water, here a Dame  
Cunning, nayles lether-hindges to a dore,  
To auoide proclamation,  
Now Cuckolds are a quoyning, apace, apace, apace, apace?  
And carefull sisters spinne that thread ith night,  
That does maintaine them and their bawdes ith daie!

*Hip.* You flow well brother?

*Vind.* Puh I'me shallow yet,  
Too sparing and too modest, shall I tell thee,  
If euery trick were told that's dealt by night  
There are few here that would not blush out right.

*Hip.* I am of that beleefe too.

*Vind.* Whose this comes,

# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Vind.* The Dukes sonne vp so late,--brother fall back,  
And you shall learne, some mischeife,---my good Lord,

*Luss.* *Plato*, why the man I wisht for, come,  
I do embrace this season for the fittest

To tast of that yong Lady?

*Vind.* Heart, and hell.

*Hip.* Dambd villaine.

*Vind.* I ha no way now to crosse it, but to kill him.

*Luss.* Come only thou and I.

*Vin.* My Lord my Lord.

*Luss.* Why dost thou start vs?

*Vind.* Ide almost forgot---the bastard!

*Luf.* What of him?

*Vind.* This night, this houre ---this minute, now.

*Luss.* What? what?

*Vin.* Shadowes the Duchesse---

*Luss.* Horrible word.

*Vind.* And like strong poyson eates,  
Into the Duke your fathers fore-head.

*Luss.* Oh.

*Vind.* He makes horne royall.

*Luf.* Most ignoble slaue?

*Vind.* This is the fruite of two beds.

*Luss.* I am mad.

*Vind.* That passage he trod warily:

*Luss.* He did!

*Vind.* And husht his villaines euery step he tooke.

*Luss.* His villaines? ile confound them.

*Vind.* Take e'm finely, finely, now.

*Luss.* The Duchesse Chamber-dore shall not controule mee.

*Hip.* Good, happy, swift, there's gunpowder ith Court, (*Exeunt*  
Wilde fire at mid-night, in this heedlesse fury  
He may show violence to crosse himselfe,  
Ile follow the Euent.

*Exit.*

*Luss.* Where is that villaine?

*Enter againe.*

*Vind.* Softly my Lord and you may take e'm twisted.

*Luss.* I care not how!

*Vind.* Oh twill be glorious,  
To kill e'm doubled, when their heapt, be soft my Lord.

*Luss.* Away my spleene is not so lazy, thus and thus,  
Ile shake their eye-lids ope, and with my sword

Shut e'm agen for euer;---villaine, strumpet

*Duk.* You vpper Guard defend vs.

*Duch.* Treason, treason.

*Duk.* Oh take mee not in sleepe, I haue great sins, I must haue  
Nay months deere sonne, with penitential heaues, (daies,  
To lift 'em out, and not to die vncleere,



## THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

O thou wilt kill me both in heauen and here.]

*Luff.* I am amazde to death.

*Duke.* Nay villaine traytor,  
Worse then the fowleſt Epithite, now Ile gripe thee  
Ee'n with the Nerues of wrath, and throw thy head  
Amongſt the Lawyers gard.

*Enter Nobles and ſonnes.*

1. *Noble.* How comes the quiet of your Grace diſturbd?

*Duke.* This boye that ſhould be my ſelfe after mee,  
Would be my ſelfe before me, and in heate  
Of that ambition bloudily ruſht in  
Intending to depoſe me in my bed?

2. *Noble.* Duty and naturall-loyalty for-fend.

*Dut.* He cald his Father villaine; and me ſtrumpet,  
A word that I abhorre to file my lips with.

*Ambi.* That was not ſo well done Brother?

*Luff.* I am abuſde—I know ther's no excuſe can do me good.

*Vind.* Tis now good policie to be from fight,  
His vicious purpoſe to our ſiſters honour,  
Is croſt beyond our thought.

*Hip.* You little dreamt his Father ſlept heere.

*Vind.* Oh 'twas farre beyond me.

But ſince it fell ſo; —without fright-full word,  
Would he had kild him, twould haue eaſde our ſwords.

*Duk.* Be comforted our Duchefſe, he ſhall dye. *diſſemble a*

*Luff.* Where's this ſlaue-pander now? out of mine eye, *flight.*  
Guiltie of this abuſe.

*Enter Spurio with his villaines.*

*Spu.* Y'are villaines, Fblers,  
You haue knaues chins, and harlots tongues, you lie,  
And I will dam you with one meale a day.

1. *Ser.* O good my Lord!

*Spu.* Sbloud you ſhall neuer ſup.

2. *Ser.* O I beſeech you ſir.

*Spu.* To let my ſword--- Catch cold ſo long and miſſe him.

1. *Ser.* Troth my Lord—Twass his intent ro meete there.

*Spu.* Heart hee's yonder?

Ha? what newes here? is the day out ath-ſocker,

E

That

# THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

That it is Noone at Mid-night; the Court vp,  
How comes the Guard so lawcie with his elbowes?

*Luff.* The Bastard here?

Nay then the truth of my intent shall out,

My Lord and Father heare me. *Duke.* Beare him hence.

*Luff.* I can with loyaltie excuse.

*Duke.* Excuse? to prison with the Villaine;  
Death shall not long lag after him.

*Spu.* Good ifaith, then 'tis not much amisse,

*Luff.* Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues,  
I pray perswade for mee.

*Ambi.* It is our duties: make your selfe sure of vs.

*Sup.* Weele sweate in pleading.

*Luff.* And I may liue to thanke you. *Exeunt.*

*Ambi.* No, thy death shall thanke me better.

*Spu.* Hee's gon: Ile after him,

And know his trespasse, seeme to beare a part

In all his ills, but with a *Puritane* heart.

*Exit.*

*Amb.* Now brother, let our hate and loue be wouen

So subtilly together, that in speaking one word for his life,

We may make three for his death,

The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.

*Sup.* Set on, Ile not be farre behinde you brother.

*Duke.* If possible a sonne should bee disobedient as farre as  
the sword: it is the highest he can goe no farther.

*Ambi.* My gracious Lord, take pittie,--- *Duke.* Pittie boyes?

*Amb.* Nay weed be loth to mooue your Grace too much,

Wee know the trespasse is vnardonable,

Black, wicked, and vnnaturall,

*Sup.* In a Sonne, oh Monstrous.

*Ambi.* Yet my Lord,

A Dukes soft hand stroakes the rough head of law,

And makes it lye smooth. *Duk.* But my hand shall nere doot.

*Amb.* That as you please my Lord.

*Super.* Wee must hee's confesse,

Some father would haue enterd into hate,

So deadly pointed, that before his eyes,

Hee would ha seene the execution sound,

*Without*



THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Without corrupted fauour?

*Amb.* But my Lord,  
Your Grace may liue the wonder of all times,  
In pardning that offence which neuer yet  
Had face to beg a pardon. *Duke.* Hunny, how's this?

*Amb.* Forgiue him good my Lord, hee's your owne sonne,  
And I must needs say 'twas the vildier done.

*Superv.* Hee's the next heire--yet this true reason gathers,  
None can possesse that dispossesse their fathers:  
Be mercifull;

*Duke.* Here's no Step-mothers-wit,  
He trie 'em both vpon their loue and hate.

*Amb.* Be mercifull--altho-- *Duke.* You haue preuaild,  
My wrath like flaming waxe hath spent it selfe, (releas'd.)  
I know 'twas but some peeuish Moone in him: goe, let him bee

*Superv.* Sfoote how now Brother?

*Amb.* Your Grace doth please to speake beside your spleene,  
I would it were so happy? *Duke.* Why goe, release him.

*Superv.* O my good Lord, I know the fault's too weighty,  
And full of generall loathing; too inhumaine,  
Rather by all mens voyces worthy death.

*Duke.* Tis true too; here then, receiue this signet, doome shall  
Direct it to the Iudges, he shall dye (passe,  
Ere many dayes, make hast.

*Amb.* All speed that may be,  
We could haue wisht his burthen not so sore,  
We knew your Grace did but delay before. *Exeunt.*

*Duke.* Here's Enuie with a poore thin couer or't,  
Like Scarlet hid in lawne, easily spide through,  
This their ambition by the Mothers side,  
Is dangerous, and for safetie must be purgd,  
I will preuent their enuies, sure it was  
But some mistaken furie in our sonne,  
Which these aspiring boyes would climbe vpon:  
He shall bee releas'd suddainly. *Enter Nobles.*

1. *Nob.* Good morning to your Grace.

*Duke.* Welcome my Lords.

2. *Nob.* Our knees shall take away the office of our feete for

(euer,  
Vnlesse

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Vnlesse your Grace bestow a fathers eye,  
Vpon the Clouded fortunes of your sonne,  
And in compassionate vertue grant him that,  
Which makes e'en meane men happy; liberty

*Duk.* How seriously their loues and honors woo  
For that, which I am about to pray them doo  
Which, rise my Lords, your knees signe his release,  
We freely pardon him.

*1. Nob.* We owe your Grace much thankes, and he much duety.

*Duk.* It well becomes that Iudge to nod at crimes, (*Exeunt.*)  
That dos commit greater himselfe and liues:  
I may forgiue a disobedient error,  
That expect pardon for adultery  
And in my old daies am a youth in lust:  
Many a beauty haue I turnd to poyson  
In the deniall, couetous of all,  
Age hot, is like a Monster to be seene:  
My haire is white, and yet my finnes are Greene.

ACT. 3.

*Enter Ambitioso, and Supruacuor*

*Sup.* Brother, let my opinion sway you once,  
I speake it for the best, to haue him die:  
Surest and soonest, if the signet come,  
Vnto the Iudges hands, why then his doome,  
Will be deferd till sittings and Court-daies:  
Iuries and further, -- Fayths are bought and sold,  
Oths in these daies are but the skin of gold.

*Amb.* In troth tis true too!

*Super.* Then lets set by the Iudges  
And fall to the Officers, tis but mistaking  
The Duke our fathers meaning, and where he nam'd,  
Ere many daies, tis but forgetting that  
And, haue him die i'th morning.

*Amb.* Excellent,  
Then am I heire -- Duke in a minute.

*Super.* Nay,  
And he were once pufft out, here is a pinne.

*Should*



Should quickly prick your bladder.

*Amb.* Blast occasion,  
He being packt, wee haue some trick and wile,  
To winde our yonger brother out of prision,  
That lies in for the Rape, the Ladies dead,  
And peoples thoughts will soone be buried.

*Super.* We may with safety do't, and liue and feede,  
The Duchesse-sonnes are too proud to bleed,

*Am.* We are yfaith to say true,—come let's not linger  
Ile to the Officers, go you before,  
And set an edge vpon the Executioner.

*Sup.* Let me alone to grind him.

*Exit.*

*Amb.* Meete; farewell,  
I am next now, I rise iust in that place,  
Where thou'rt cut of, vpon thy Neck kind brother,  
The falling of one head, lifts vp another.

*Exit.*

*Enter with the Nobles; Lussurioso from prision.*

*Luss.* My Lords? I am so much indebted to your loues,  
For this, O this deliuey.

*1. Nob.* But our ducties, my Lord, vnto the hopes that growe

*Luss.* If ere I liue to be my selfe ile thanke you, (in you,  
O liberty thou sweete and heauenly Dame;  
But hell for prision is too milde a name.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ambizioso, and Superuacuod with Officers.*

*Am.* Officers? heres the Dukes signet, your firme warrant,  
Brings the command of present death a long with it  
Vnto our brother, the Dukes sonne; we are sory,  
That we are so vnnaturally employde  
In such an vnkinde Office, fitter farre  
For enemies then brothers.

*Super.* But you know,  
The Dukes command must be obeyde.

*1. Off.* It must and shal my Lord—this morning then,  
So suddainely?

*Am.* I alas! poore—good—soule,  
Hee must breake fast betimes, the executioner  
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

*2. Off.* Already?

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

*Sup.* Already ifath, O fir, destruction hies,  
And that is least Impudent, soone't dyes,

*1. Off.* Troth you say true my Lord we take our leaues,  
Our Office shall be found, weele not delay,  
The third part of a minute.

*Amb.* I therein you shoue.  
Your selues good men, and vpriight officers,  
Pray let him die as priuat as he may,  
Doe him that fauour, for the gaping people.  
Will but trouble him at his prayers,  
And make him curse, and sweare, and so die black.  
Will you be so far Kind?

*1. Off.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Amb.* Why we do thanke you, if we liue to be,  
You shall haue a better office,

*2. Off.* Your good Lord-shippe.

*Sup.* Commend vs to the scaffold in our teares.

*1. Off.* Weele weepe and doe your commendations, *Exeunt.*

*Amb.* Fine fooles in office! *Sup.* Things fall out so fit.

*Amb.* So happily, come brother ere next clock,  
His head will be made serue a bigger block. *Exeunt.*

*Enter in prison Iunior Brother,*

*Iuni* Keeper.

*Keep.* My Lord.

*Iuni.* No newes lately from our brothers?

*Are they vnmindfull of vs?* (from 'em,

*Keep.* My Lord a messenger came newly in and brought this

*Iuni.* Nothing but paper comforts?

I look'd for my deliury before this,

Had they beene worth their oths—prethee be from vs.

Now what say you forsooth, speake out I pray,

*Letter.* Brother be of good cheere,

Slud it begins like a whore with good cheere,

*Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.*

Not fife and thirty yeare like a bangrout, I thinke so,

*We haue thought vpon a deuice to get thee out by a tricke!*

By a tricke, pox a your tricke and it be so long a playing.

*And so rest comforted, be merry and expect it suddaynely!*

Be merry, hang merry, draw and quarter merry, lle be mad.



## THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

Ist not strange that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman, well, wee shall see how suddaine our brothers: will bee in their promise, I must expect still a trick! I shall not bee long a prisoner, how now, what newes?

*Keeper.* Bad newes my Lord I am discharg'd of you.

*Iunio.* Slaue calst thou that bad newes, I thanke you brothers.

*Keep.* My Lord twill proue so, here come the Officers,  
Into whose hands I must commit you.

*Iunio.* Ha, Officers, what, why?

*1. Offi.* You must pardon vs my Lord,  
Our Office must be found, here is our warrant  
The signet from the Duke, you must straight suffer.

*Iunior.* Suffer? ile suffer you to be gon, ile suffer you,  
To come no more, what would you haue me suffer?

*2. Offi.* My Lord those words were better chang'd to praiers,  
The times but breife with you, prepare to die.

*Iunior.* Sure tis not so.

*3. Offi.* It is too true my Lord.

*Iunior.* I tell you tis not, for the Duke my father,  
Deferd me till next sitting, and I looke  
E'en euery minute threescore times an houre,  
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.

*1. Offi.* A trick my Lord? if you expect such comfort,  
Your hopes as fruitlesse as a barren woman:  
Your brothers were the vnhappy messengers,  
That brought this powerfull token for your death.

*Iunior.* My brothers, no, no.

*2. Offi.* Tis most true my Lord.

*Iunior.* My brothers to bring a warrant for my death  
How strange this shoues?

*3. Offi.* There's no delaying time.

*Iunior.* Desire e'm hether, call e'm vp, my brothers?  
They shall deny it to your faces.

*1. Offi.* My Lord,

They're far ynough by this, at least at Court,  
And this most strickt command they left behinde e'm,  
When grieve swum in their eyes, they show'd like brothers,  
Brim-full of heauy sorrow: but the Duke  
Must haue his pleasure.

*Iunio.* His pleasure?

*1. Offi.*

# THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

1. Off. These were their last words which my memory beares,  
*Commend us to the Scaffold in our teares.*

*Junior.* Pox drye their teares, what should I do with teares?  
I hate em worse then any Cittizens sonne  
Can hate salt water; here came a letter now,  
New-bleeding from their Pens, scarce stinted yet,  
Would lde beene torne in peeces when I tore it,  
Looke you officious whoresons words of comfort,  
*Not long a Prisoner.*

1. Off. It sayes true in that sir, for you must suffer presently.

*Junior.* A villanous Duns, vpon the letter knauish exposition,  
Looke you then here sir: *Weels get thee out by a trick sayes bee.*

2. Off. That may hold too sir, for you know a Trick is com-  
monly foure Cardes, which was meant by vs foure officers.

*Junior.* Worse and worse dealing.

1. Off. The houre beckens vs,  
The headf-man waites, lift vp your eyes to heauen.

*Junior.* I thanke you faith; good pritty-holsome counsell,  
I should looke vp to heauen as you sedd,  
Whilst he behinde me cozens me of my head,  
I thats the Trick.

3. Off. You delay too long my Lord.

*Junior.* Stay good Authorities Bastards, since I must  
Through Brothers periurie dye, O let me venome  
Their soules with curses.

1. Off. Come tis no time to curse.

*Junior.* Must I bleed then, without respect of signe? well---  
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approoues,  
I dye for that which euery woman loues. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vindici with Hippolito his brother.*

*Vind.* O sweete, delectable, rare, happy, rauishing,

*Hip.* Why what's the matter brother?

*Vin.* O tis able, to make a man spring vp, & knock his for-head  
Against yon siluar feeling.

*Hip.* Pre-thee tell mee,  
Why may not I pertake with you? you vowde once  
To giue me share to euery tragick thought.

*Vind.* Byth' Masse I thinke I did too,  
Then Ile diuide it to thee,---the old Duke  
Thinking my outward shape, and inward heart

Are



## THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Are cut out of one peice; (for he that prates his secrets,  
His heart stands ath out side) hires me by price:  
To greete him with a Lady,  
In some fit place vaylde from the eyes ath Court,  
Some darkned blusheffe Angle, that is guilty  
Of his fore-fathers lusts, and great-folkes riots,  
To which (I easily to maintaine my shape)  
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace  
To meete her here in this vn-sunned-lodge,  
Where-in tis night at noone, and here the rather,  
Because vnto the torturing of his soule,  
The Bastard and the Duchesse haue appoynted  
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle,  
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes  
Before we kill the rest of him.

*Hip.* Twill yfaith, most dreadfully digested,  
I see not how you could haue mist me brother.

*Vind.* True, but the violence of my ioy forgot it.

*Hip.* I, but where's that Lady now?

*Vind.* Oh at that word,

I'me lost againe, you cannot finde me yet  
I'me in a throng of happy Apprehensions.  
Hee's suted for a Lady, I haue tooke care  
For a delitious lip, a sparkling eye,  
You shall be witnesse brother;  
Be ready stand with your hat off.

*Exit.*

*Hip.* Troth I wonder what Lady it should be?  
Yet tis no wonder, now I thinke againe,  
To haue a Lady stoope to a Duke, that stoopes vnto his men,  
Tis common to be common, through the world:  
And there's more priuate common shadowing vices,  
Then those who are knowne both by their names and prices  
Tis part of my alleagance to stand bare,  
To the Dukes Concubine,—and here she comes.

*Enter Vindice, with the skull of his loue drest vp in Tires.*

*Vind.* Madame his grace will not be absent long.  
Secret? nere doubt vs Madame? twill be worth  
Three veluet gownes to your Ladyship—knowne?

## THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Few Ladies respect that disgrace, a poore thin shell,  
Tis the best grace you haue to do it well,  
He saue your hand that labour, ile vnmaske you?

*Hip.* Why brother, brother.

*Vind.* Art thou beguild now? tut, a Lady can,  
At such all hid, beguile a wiser man,  
Haue I not fitted the old surfetter  
With a quaint peice of beauty, age and bare bone  
Are ere allied in action; here's an eye,  
Able to tempt a greatman--to serue God,  
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble  
Me thinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble.  
A drunckard claspe his teeth, and not vndo e'm,  
To suffer wet damnation to run through e'm.  
Heres a cheeke keepes her colour let the winde go whistle,  
Spout Raine, we feare thee not, be hot or cold  
Alls one with vs; and is not he absur'd,  
Whose fortunes are vpon their faces set,  
That feare no other God but winde and wet.

*Hip.* Brother y'aue spoke that right,  
Is this the forme that liuing shone so bright?

*Vind.* The very same,  
And now me thinks I cold e'en chide my selfe,  
For doating on her beauty, tho her death  
Shall be reuengd after no common action;  
Do's the Silke-worme expend her yellow labours  
For thee? for thee dos she vndoe herselfe?  
Are Lord-ships sold to maintaine Lady-ships  
For the poore benefit of a bewitching minute?  
Why dos yon fellow falsify hie-waies  
And put his life betweene the Iudges-lippes,  
To refine such a thing, keepes horse and men  
To beate their valours for her?  
Surely wee're all mad people, and they  
Whome we thinke are, are not, we mistake those,  
Tis we are mad in scence, they but in clothes.

*Hip.* Faith and in clothes too we, giue vs our due.

*Vind.* Dos euery proud and selfe-affecting Dame

Camphire



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Canaphire her face for this? an dgriue her Maker  
 In sinfull baths of milke,--when many an infant starues,  
 For her superfluous out-side, all for this?  
 Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares  
 Musick, perfumes, and sweete-meates, all are husht,  
 Thou maist lie chaste now ! it were fine me thinkes:  
 To haue thee seene at Reuells, forgetfull feasts,  
 And vncleane Brotheils; sure twould fright the sinner  
 And make him a good coward, put a Reueller,  
 Out off his Antick amble  
 And cloye an Epicure with empty dishes?  
 Here might a scornfull and ambitious woman,  
 Looke through and through her selfe, ---see Ladies, with false  
 You deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes. (formes,  
 Now to my tragick businesse, looke you brother,  
 I haue not fashiond this onely--for show  
 And vselesse property, no, it shall beare a part  
 E'en in it owne Reuenge. This very skull,  
 Whose Mistris the Duke poysoned, with this drug  
 The mortall curse of the earth; shall be reuengd  
 In the like straine, and kisse his lippes to death,  
 As much as the dumbe thing can, he shall feele:  
 What fayles in poyson, wee supply in Steele.

Hip. Brother I do applaud thy constant vengeance,  
 The quaintnesse of thy malice aboue thought.

Vind. So tis layde on : now come and welcome Duke,  
 I haue her for thee, I protest it brother:  
 Me thinkes she makes almost as faire a fine  
 As some old gentlewoman in a Periwig?  
 Hide thy face now for shame, thou hadst neede haue a Maske  
 Tis vaine when beauty flowes, but when it fleetes (now  
 This would become graues better then the streetes.

Hip. You haue my voice in that; harke, the Duke's come.

Vind. Peace, let's obserue what company he brings,  
 And how he dos absent e'm, for you knowe  
 Heele wish all priuate, --brother fall you back a little,  
 With the bony Lady.

Hip. That I will.

Vind. So, so, --now 9. years vengeance crowde into a minute!

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Duk.* You shall haue leaue to leaue vs, with this charge,  
Vpon your liues, if we be mist by' th Duchesse  
Or any of the Nobles, to giue out,  
We're priuately rid forth.

*Vind.* Oh happinesse!

*Duk.* With some few honorable gentlemen you may say,  
You may name those that are away from Court.

*Gentle.* Your will and pleasure shall be done my Lord.

*Vind.* Priuatly rid forth,  
He striues to make sure worke on't--your good grace?

*Duk.* *Piato*, well done hast brought her, what Lady ist?

*Vind.* Faith my Lord a Country Lady, a little bashfull at first  
as most of them are, but after the first kisse my Lord the worst is  
past with them, your grace knowes now what you haue to doo;  
sha's some-what a grauelooke with her--but

*Duk.* I loue that best, conduct her.

*Vind.* Haue at all.

*Duk.* In grauest looks the Greatest faultes seeme lesse  
Giue me that sin thats rob'd in Holines.

*Vind.* Back with the Torch; brother raise the perfumes.

*Duk.* How sweete can a Duke breath? age has no fault,  
Pleasure should meete in a perfumed mist,  
Lady sweetely encountred, I came from Court I must bee bould  
with you, oh, what's this, oh!

*Vind.* royall villaine, white diuill;

*Duke.* Oh.

*Vind.* Brother--place the Torch here, that his affrighted eye-  
May start into those hollowes, Duke; dost knowe (balls  
Yon dreadful vizard, view it well, tis the skull  
Of *Gloriana*, whom thou poysonedst last.

*Duk.* Oh, 'tis poysoned me.

*Vind.* Didst not know that till now?

*Duk.* What are you two?

*Vind.* Villaines all three?--the very ragged bone,  
Has beene sufficiently reuengd.

*Duk.* Oh *Hippolito*? call treason.

*Hip.* Yes my good Lord, treason, treason, treason.

*Duk.* Then I'me betrayde.

*Vind.* Alasse poore Lecher in the hands of knaues,  
A slauish Duke is baser then his slaues.

Stamping  
on him.

*Duke.*



THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

*Duke.* My teeth are eaten out. *Vind.* Hadst any left.

*Hip.* I thinke but few.

*Vin.* Then those that did eate are eaten. *Duk.* O my tongue.

*Vind.* Your tongue? twill teach you to kisse closer,  
Not like a Flobbering *Dutchman*, you haue eyes still :  
Looke monster, what a Lady hast thou made me,  
My once bethrothed wife.

*Duk.* Is it thou villaine, nay then---

*Vind.* Tis I, tis *Vindici*, tis I.

*Hip.* And let this comfort thee : our Lord and Father  
Fell sick vpon the infection of thy frownes,  
And dyed in sadnesse ; be that thy hope of life. *Duke.* Oh?

*Vind.* He had his tounge, yet greefe made him die speechlesse.  
Puh, tis but early yet, now ile begin  
To stick thy soule with Vlcers, I will make  
Thy spirit grieuous sore, it shall not rest,  
But like some pestilent man tosse in thy brest- (marke me duke)  
Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty Cuckold. *Duke.* Oh!

*Vind.* Thy Bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy browe.

*Duke.* Millions of deaths.

*Vind.* Nay to afflict thee more,  
Here in this lodge they meete for damned clips,  
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.

*Duke.* Is there a hell besides this, villaines? *Vind.* Villaine?  
Nay heauen is iust, scornes are the hires of scornes,  
I nere knew yet Adulterer with-out hornes.

*Hip.* Once ere they dye 'tis quitted.

*Vind.* Harke the musicke,  
Their banquet is preparte, they're comming

*Duke.* Oh, kill me not with that sight.

*Vin.* Thou shalt not loose that sight for all thy Duke-dooome.

*Duke.* Traytors, murderers?

*Vin.* What? is not thy tongue eaten out yet?  
Then weele inuent a silence? brother stifle the Torch,

*Duke.* Treason, murther?

*Vind.* Nay faith, weele haue you husht now with thy dagger  
Naile downe his tongue, and mine shall keepe possession  
About his heart, if hee but gaspe hee dyes,

Wee dread not death to quittance iniuries;—Brother,  
 If he but winck, not brooking the foule object,  
 Let our two other hands teare vp his lids,  
 And make his eyes like Comets shine through bloud,  
 When the bad bleedes, then is the Tragedie good,

*Hip.* Whist, brother, musick's at our eare, they come.

*Enter the Bastard meeting the Dutchesse.*

*Spu.* Had not that kisse a taste of sinne'twere sweete.

*Dutch.* Why there's no pleasure sweet but it is sinfull.

*Spu.* True, such a bitter sweetnesse fate hath giuen,  
 Best side to vs, is the worst side to heauen.

*Dutch.* Push, come: 'tis the old Duke thy doubtfull Father,  
 The thought of him rubs heauen in thy way,  
 But I protest by yonder waxen fire,  
 Forget him, or ile poyson him.

*Spu.* Madam, you vrge a thought which nere had life,  
 So deadly doe I loath him for my birth,  
 That if hee tooke mee haspt within his bed,  
 I would adde murther to adultery,  
 And with my sword giue vp his yeares to death.

*Dutch.* Why now thou'rt sociable, lets in and feast,  
 Lowdft Musick sound: pleasure is Banquets guest. *Exeunt.*

*Duk.* I cannot brooke--- *Vind.* The Brooke is turnd to bloud.

*Hip.* Thanks to lowd Musick. *Vind.* Twas our friend indeed,  
 'Tis state in Musicke for a Duke to bleed:  
 The Duke-dome wants a head, tho yet vnknowne,  
 As fast as they peepe vp, lets cut 'em downe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Dutchesse two sonnes, Ambitioso & Supervacuo.*

*Amb.* Was not his execution rarely plotted?  
 We are the Dukes sonnes now.

*Super.* I you may thanke my policie for that.

*Amb.* Your policie, for what?

*Super.* Why wast not my inuention brother,  
 To slip the Iudges, and in lesser compasse,  
 Did not I draw the modell of his death,  
 Aduizing you to suddaine officers,  
 And een extemporall cxecution.

*Amb.* Heart, twas a thing I thought on too.

*Super.*



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Sup.* You thought ont too, ffoote slander not your thoughts  
With glorious vntruth, I know twas from you.

*Amb.* Sir I say, twas in my head.

*Spu.* I, like your braines then,  
Nere to come out as long as you liu'd.

*Amb.* You'd haue the honor on't forsooth, that your wit  
Lead him to the scaffold,

*Super.* Since it is my due,  
Ile publisht, but Ile ha't in spite of you.

*Amb.* Me thinkes y'are much too bould, you should a little  
Remember vs brother, next to be honest Duke.

*Sup.* I, it shall be as easie for you to be Duke,  
As to be honest, and that's neuer ifaith.

*Amb.* Well, cold he is by this time, and because  
Wee're both ambitious, be it our amity,  
And let the glory be sharde equally. *Sup.* I am content to that.

*Amb.* This night out yonger brother shall out of prison,  
I haue a trick. *Sup.* A trick, pre-thee what ist?

*Amb.* Weele get him out by a wile. *Sup.* Pre-thee what wile?

*Amb.* No sir, you shall not know it, till't be done,  
For then you'd sweare twere yours.

*Super.* How now, whats he? *Amb.* One of the officers.

*Super.* Desired newes. *Amb.* How now my friend?

*Off.* My Lords, vnder your pardon, I am allotted  
To that desertlesse office, to present you  
With the yet bleeding head. *Sup.* Ha, ha, excellent.

*Amb.* All's sure our owne: Brother, canst weepe thinkst thou?  
Twould grace our Flattery much; thinke of some Dame,  
Twill teach thee to dissemble.

*Sup.* I haue thought, -- Now for your selfe.

*Amb.* Our sorrowes are so fluent,  
Our eyes ore-flow our tounge, words spoake in teares,  
Are like the murmures of the waters, the sound  
Is lowdly heard, but cannot be distinguisht.

*Sup.* How dyed he pray? *Off.* O full of rage and spleene.

*Super.* He dyed most valiantly then, we're glad to heare it.

*Off.* We could not woe him once to pray. (due.

*Amb.* He showd himselfe a Gentleman in that: giue him his  
Off. But

# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Off.* But in the steed of prayer, he drew forth oaths.

*Super.* Then did hee pray deere heart,  
Although you vnderstood him not.

*Offi.* My Lords,  
E'en at his last, with pardon bee it spoake,  
Hee curst you both.

*Sup.* Hee curst vs? lasse good soule.

*Amb.* It was not in our powers, but the Dukes pleasure,  
Finely dissembled a both-sides, sweete fate,  
O happy opportunitie.

*Enter Lussurioso.*

*Luss.* Now my Lords.

*Both.* Oh! —————

*Luss.* Why doe you shunne mee Brothers?  
You may come neerer now;  
The sauor of the prison has for-sooke mee,  
I thanke such kinde Lords as your selues, I me free.

*Amb.* Aliue!

*Super.* In health!

*Amb.* Released?

We were both ee'n amazd with ioy to see it,

*Luss.* I am much to thanke you.

*Sup.* Faith we spar'd no tounge, vnto my Lord the Duke.

*Amb.* I know your deliuey brother  
Had not beene halfe so sudden but for vs.

*Sup.* O how we pleaded. *Luss.* Most deseruing brothers,  
In my best studies I will thinke of it? *Exit Luss.*

*Amb.* O death and vengeance.

*Sup.* Hell and torments.

*Amb.* Slaue canst thou to delude vs.

*Off.* Delude you my

*Super.* I villaine, where's this head now?

(Lords?

*Off.* Why heere my Lord,

Iust after his deliuey, you both came  
With warrant from the Duke to be-head your brother.

*Amb.* I, our brother, the Dukes sonne.

*Off.* The Dukes sonne my Lord, had his release before you

*Amb.* Whose head's that then?

(came.

*Off.* His whom you left command for, your owne brothers?

*Amb.* Our brothers? oh furies —————

*Sup.* Plagues.

*Amb.* Confusions.

*Sup.* Darkenesse.

*Amb.* Diuils.

*Sup.* Fell it out so accursedly?

*Amb.* So damnedly.

*Super.*



THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

*Sup.* Villaine Ile braine thee with it, *Off.* O my good Lord!

*Sup.* The Diuill ouer-take thee? *Amb.* O fatall.

*Sup.* O prodigious to our blouds. *Amb.* Did we dissemble?

*Sup.* Did we make our teares woemen for thee?

*Amb.* Laugh and reioyce for thee.

*Sup.* Bring warrant for thy death. *Amb.* Mock off thy head

*Super.* You had a trick, you had a wile for sooth.

*Amb.* A murren meete 'em, there's none of these wiles that  
euer come to good: I see now, there is nothing sure in mortali-  
tie, but mortalitie, well, no more words shalt be reuengd ifaith.  
Come, throw off clouds now brother, thinke of vengeance,  
And deeper setled hate, firrah sit fast,  
Weele pull downe all, but thou shalt downe at last. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. SCENE. I.

*Enter Lussurioso with Hippolito.*

*Luss.* Hippolito.

*Hip.* My Lord:

Has your good Lordship ought to command me in?

*Luss.* I pre-thee leaue vs.

*Hip.* How's this? come and leaue vs? *Luss.* Hippolito.

*Hip.* Your honor--I stand ready for any dutious employment.

*Luss.* Heart, what makst thou here?

*Hip.* A pritty Lordly humor:

(honor?)

He bids me to bee present, to depart; some-thing has stung his

*Luss.* Bee neerer, draw neerer:

Ye are not so good me thinkes, I me angry with you.

*Hip.* With me my Lord? I me angry with my selfe fort.

*Luss.* You did preferre a goodly fellow to me,

Twass wittily elected, twas, I thought

Had beene a villaine, and he prooues a Knaue?

To mee a Knaue.

*Hip.* I chose him for the best my Lord,

Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him, breed discontent in you.

*Luss.* Neglect, twas will: Iudge of it,

Firmely to tell of an incredible Act,

Not to be thought, lesse to be spoken of,

Twixt my Step-mother and the Bastard, oh,

Incestuous sweetes betweene 'em.

# THE REVENGE TRAGEDY.

Hip. Fye my Lord.

Lus. I in kinde loyaltie to my fathers fore-head,  
Made this a desperate arme, and in that furie,  
Committed treason on the lawfull bed,  
And with my sword een rac'd my fathers bosonie,  
For which I was within a stroake of death.

Hip. Alack, I'me sorry; sfoote iust vpon the stroake,  
Iars in my brother, twill be villanous Musick.

Vind. My honored Lord. Enter Vind. (thee.

Lus. Away pre-thee forsake vs, heereafter weele not know

Vind. Not know me my Lord, your Lorship cannot choose.

Lus. Begon I say, thou art a false knaue.

Vind. Why the easier to be knowne, my Lord.

Lus. Push, I shall prooue too bitter with a word,  
Make thee a perpetuall prisoner,  
And laye this yron-age vpon thee,

Vind. Mum, for theres a doome would make a woman dum,  
Mistling the bastard next him, the winde's comes about,  
Now tis my brothers turne to stay, mine to goe out. Exit Vin.

Lus. Has greatly moou'd me, Hip. Much to blame ifaith.

Lus. But ile recouer, to his ruine: twas told me lately,  
I know not whether fallie, that you'd a brother,

Hip. Who I, yes my good Lord, I haue a brother.

Lus. How chance the Court neere saw him? of what nature?  
How does he apply his houres?

Hip. Faith to curse Fates,  
Who, as he thinkes, ordaind him to be poore,  
Keepes at home full of want, and discontent.

Lus. There's hope in him, for discontent and want  
Is the best clay to mould, a villaine off;

Hippolito, wish him repaire to vs,  
If there be ought in him to please our bloud,  
For thy sake weele aduance him, and build faire  
His meanest fortunes: for it is in vs  
To reare vp Towers from cottages.

Hip. It is so my Lord, he will attend your honour,  
But hees a man, in whom much melancholy dwels,

Lus. Why the better: bring him to Court.

Hip.



THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

**Hip.** With willingnesse and speed,  
Whom he cast off euen now, must now succeed,  
Brother disguise must off,  
In thine owne shape now, ile prefer thee to him :  
How strangely does himselfe worke to vndo him. *Exit.*

**Luff.** This fellow will come fitly, he shall kill,  
That other slaue, that did abuse my spleene,  
And made it swell to Treason, I haue put  
Much of my heart into him, hee must dye.  
He that knowes great mens secrets, and proues slight,  
That man nere liues to see his Beard turne white :  
I he shall speede him : Ile employ thee brother,  
Slaues are but Nayles, to driue out one another ?  
Hee being of black condition, futable  
To want and ill content, hope of preferment  
Will grinde him to an Edge—The Nobles enter.

1. Good dayes vnto your honour.

**Luff.** My kinde Lords, I do returne the like,

2. Sawe you my Lord the Duke ?

**Luff.** My Lord and Father, is he from Court ?

1. Hees sure from Court,

But where, which way, his pleasure tooke we know not,  
Nor can wee heare ont.

**Luff.** Here come those should tell,  
Sawe you my Lord and Father ?

3. Not since two houres before noone my Lord,  
And then he priuately ridde forth.

**Luff.** Oh hees rod forth.

1. Twas wondrous priuately,

2. Theres none ith Court had any knowledge ont.

**Luff.** His Grace is old, and sudden, tis no treason  
To say, the Duke my Father has a humor,  
Or such a Toye about him ; what in vs  
Would appeare light, in him seemes vertuous.

3. Tis Oracle my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vind. out of his disguise.*

**Hip.** So, so, all's as it should be, y'are your selfe.

**Vind.** How that great-villaine puts me to my shifts.

**Hip.**

*Hip.* Hee that did lately, in disguise reiect thee;  
Shall now thou art thy selfe, as much respect thee.

*Vind.* I will be the quainter fallacie; but brother,  
Sfoote what vsa will hee put me to now thinkst thou?

*Hip.* Nay you must pardon me in that, I know not:  
H'as some employment for you: but what tis  
Hee and his Secretary the Diuell knowes best.

*Vind.* Well I must suite my tounge to his desires,  
What colour so ere they be; hoping at last  
To pile vp all my wishes on his brest,

*Hip.* Faith Brother he himselfe shoves the way.

*Vind.* Now the Duke is dead, the realme is clad in claye:  
His death being not yet knowne, vnder his name  
The people still are gouern'd; well, thou his sonne  
Art not long-liu'd, thou shalt not ioy his death:  
To kill thee then, I should most honour thee;  
For twould stand firme in euery mans beliefe,  
Thou'st a kinde child, and onely dyedst with griefe.

*Hip.* You fetch about well, but lets talke in present,  
How will you appeare in fashion different,  
As well as in apparrell, to make all things possible:  
If you be but once tript, wee fall for euer.  
It is not the least pollicie to bee doubtfull,  
You must change tongue:--familiar was your first.

*Vind.* Why Ile beare me in some straine of melancholie,  
And string my selfe with heauy--sounding Wyre,  
Like such an Instrument, that speakes merry things sadly.

*Hip.* Then tis as I meant,  
I gaue you out at first in discontent.

*Vind.* Ile turne my selfe, and then

*Hip.* Sfoote here he comes: hast thought vppont.

*Vind.* Salute him, feare not me. *Luss.* Hippolito.

*Hip.* Your Lordship. *Luss.* What's he yonder?

*Hip.* Tis *Vindici*, my discontented Brother,  
Whom, cording to your will I'au'e brought to Court.

*Luss.* Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence,  
I wonder h'as beene from the Court so long?

Come neerer,

*Hip.* Brother



*Hip.* Brother, Lord *Lussurioso* the Duke sonne.

*Luss.* Be more neere to vs, welcome, neerer yet.

*Vind.* How don you? god you god den.

*Luss.* We thank thee?

*Snatches of  
his hat and  
makes legs  
to him.*

How strangely such a course-homely salute,  
Showes in the Pallace, where we greete in fire:  
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name,  
God in a salutation, twould neere be stood on't, -heauen!  
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy.

*Vind.* Why, going to Law.

*Luss.* Why will that make a man mellancholy?

*Vind.* Yes, to looke long vpon inck and black buckrom--I  
went mee to law in *Anno Quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded  
out of it, in *Anno sextagesimo tertio*.

*Luss.* What, three and twenty years in law?

*Vind.* I haue knowne those that haue beene fve and fifty, and  
all about Pullin and Pigges.

*Luss.* May it bee possible such men should breath,  
To vex the Tearmes so much. *Vin.* Tis foode to some my Lord.  
There are olde men at the present, that are so poysoned  
with the affectatiō of law-words, (hauing had many suites can-  
uaft,) that their common talke is nothing but Barbery lattin:  
they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sinnes may  
be remou'd, with a writ of Error, and their soules fetcht vp to  
heauen, with a lasarara.

*Hip.* It seemes most strange to me,  
Yet all the world meetes round in the same bent:  
Where the hearts set, there goes the tongues consent,  
How dost apply thy studies fellow?

*Vind.* Study why to thinke how a great rich man lies a dying,  
and a poore Cobler toales the bell for him? how he cannot de-  
part the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when  
hee lies speechlesse, how hee will point you readily to all the  
boxes, and when hee is past all memory, as the gossips gesse,  
then thinks hee of foriffetures and obligations, nay when to all  
mens hearings he whurles and rotles in the throate hee's bus-  
sie threatning his poore Tennants? and this would last me now  
some seauen yeares thinking or there abouts? but, I haue a

Conceit a comming in picture vpon this, I drawe it my selfe,  
which ifaith la Ile present to your honor, you shall not chose  
but like it for your Lordship shall giue me nothing for it,

*Luss.* Nay you mustake me then,  
For I am publisht bountifull inough,  
Lets tast of your conceit.

*Vin.* In picture my Lord.

*Luss.* I in picture,

*Vin.* Marry this it is--- *A vsuring Father to be boyling in hell,  
and his sonne and Heire with a Whore dancing ouer him.*

*Hip.* Has par'd him to the quicke.

*Lus.* The conceit's pritty ifaith,  
But tak't vpon my life twill nere be likt.

*Vind.* No, why lme sure the whore will be likt well enough.

*Hip.* If she were out ath picture heede like her then himselfe.

*Vin.* And as for the sonne and heire, he shall be an eyefore to  
no young Reuellers, for hee shall bee drawne in cloth of gold  
breeches.

*Luss.* And thou hast put my meaning in the pock ,  
And canst not draw that out, my thought was this, ets  
To see the picture of a vsuring father  
Boyling in hell, our richmen would nere like it,

*Vin.* O true I cry you heartly mercy I know the reason, for  
some of'em had rather be dambd indeed, the dambd in colours.

*Lus.* A parlous melancholy, has wit enough,  
To murder any man, and Ile giue him meanes,  
I thinke thou art ill monied;

*Vin.* Money, ho, ho,  
Tas beene my want so long, tis now my scoffe.  
Iue ene forgot what colour siluers off,

*Lus.* It hits as I could wish, *Vin.* I get good cloths,  
Of those that dread my humour, and for table-roome,  
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me,

*Lus.* Somewhat to set thee vp withall,

*Vin.* O mine eyes,

*Lus.* How now man.

*Vin.* Almost stricke blind,  
This bright vnusuall shine, to me seemes proud,  
I dare not looke till the sunne be in a cloud,

*Lus.* I thinke I shall affecte his melancholy,

How



# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

How are they now.

*Vin.* The better for you rasking.

*Lus.* You shall be better yet if you but fasten,  
Truly on my intent, now yare both present  
I will vnbrace such a cloffe priuate villayne,  
Vnto your vengfull swords, the like nere heard of,  
Who hath disgrac'd you much and iniur'd vs,

*Hip.* Disgraced vs my Lord?

*Lus.* I *Hippolito*.

I kept it here till now that both your angers,  
Might meete him at once,

*Vin.* Ime couetuous,

To know the villayne,

*Lus.* You know him that slaue Pandar,  
*Piato* whome we threatened last  
With irons in perpetuall prisonment;

*Vin.* All this is I.

*Hip.* Ist he my Lord?

*Lus.* Ile tell you, you first preferd him to me.

*Vin.* Did you brother.

*Hip.* I did indeed?

*Lus.* And the ingreatfull villayne,  
To quit that kindnes, strongly wrought with me,  
Being as you see a likely man for pleasure,  
With iewels to corrupt your virgin sister.

*Hip.* Oh villaine,

*Vin.* He shall surely die that did it.

*Lus.* I far from thinking any Virgin harme.  
Especially knowing her to be as chaste  
As that part which scarce suffers to be toucht,  
Th' eye would not endure him,

*Vin.* Would you not my Lord,  
Twas wondrous honorably donne,

*Lus.* But with some siue frownes kept him out,

*Vin.* Out slaue.

*Lus.* What did me he but in reuenge of that,  
Went of his owne free will to make infirme,  
Your sisters honor, whome I honor with my soule,  
For chaste respect, and not preuayling there,  
(As twas but desperate folly to attempt it,)  
In meere spleene, by the way, way laies your mother,  
Whose honor being a coward as it seemes.

Yeelded

# THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Yielded by little force.

*Vind.* Coward indeed.

*Luss.* He proud of their advantage, (as he thought)  
Brought me these newes for happy, but I, heauen forgieue mee

*Vind.* What did your honour. (for't.

*Luss.* In rage pusht him from mee,  
Trampled beneath his throate, spurnd him, and bruizd:  
Indeed I was too cruell to say troth.

*Hip.* Most Nobly managde.

*Vind.* Has not heauen an eare? Is all the lightning wasted?

*Luss.* If I now were so impatient in a modest caule,  
What should you be?

*Vind.* Full mad, he shall not liue  
To see the Moone change.

*Luss.* He's about the Pallace,  
*Hippolito* intice him this way, that thy brother  
May take full marke of him.

*Hip.* Hea: t?—that shall not neede my Lord,  
I can direct him so far.

*Luss.* Yet for my hates sake,  
Go, winde him this way: ile see him bleede my selfe.

*Hip.* What now brother?

*Vind.* Nay e'en what you will— y'are put to't brother?

*Hip.* An impossible taske, Ile swear,  
To bring him hither, thats already here.

*Exit Hippo.*

*Luss.* Thy name, I haue forgot it?

*Vin.* Vindice my Lord.

*Luss.* Tis a good name that.

*Vind.* I, a Reuenger.

*Luss.* It dos betoken courage, thou shouldst be valiant,  
And kill thine enemies.

*Vind.* Thats my hope my Lord.

*Luss.* This slaue is one.

*Vind.* Ile doome him.

*Luss.* Then ile praise thee?

Do thou obserue me best, and Ile best raise thee.

*Enter. Hip.*

*Vind.* Indeed, I thanke you.

*Luss.* Now *Hippolito*, where's the slaue *Pandar*?

*Hip.* Your good Lordship,  
Would haue a loathsome sight of him, much offensiue?  
Hee's not in case now to be scene my Lord,  
The worst of all the deadly sinnes is in him:  
That beggerly damnation, drunkennesse.

*Luss.*



# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Luff.* Then he's a double-flaue.

*Vind.* Twas well conuaide, vpon a suddaine wit.

*Luff.* What, are you both,  
Firmely resolud, ile see him dead my selfe.

*Vind.* Or else, let not vs liue.

*Luff.* You may direct your brother to take note of him.

*Hip.* I shall.

*Luff.* Rise but in this, and you shall neuer fall.

*Vind.* Your honours Vassayles.

*Luff.* This was wisely carried,  
Deepe policie in vs, makes fooles of such:

Then must a flaue die, when he knowes too much. *Exi. Luff.*

*Vind.* O thou almighty patience, tis my wonder,  
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,  
Should not be clouen as he stood:

Or with a secret winde burst open!  
Is there no thunder left, or ist kept vp  
In stock for heauier vengeance, there it goes!

*Hip.* Brother we loose our selues?

*Vind.* But I haue found it,  
Twill hold, tis sure, thanks, thanks to any spirit,  
That mingled it mongst my inuentions.

*Hip.* What ist?

*Vind.* Tis found, and good, thou shalt pertake it,  
I'me hir'd to kill my selfe. *Hip. True.*

*Vind.* Pree-thee marke it,  
And the old Duke being dead, but not conuaide,  
For he's already mist too, and you know:  
Murder will peepe out of the closest huske. *Hip. Most true?*

*Vind.* What say you then to this deuice,  
If we drest vp the body of the Duke.

*Hip.* In that disguise of yours.

*Vind.* Y'are quick, y'auereacht it.

*Hip.* I like it wonderously.

*Vind.* And being in drinck, as you haue publisht him,  
To leane him on his elbowe, as if sleepe had caught him:  
Which claimes most interest in such sluggish men.

*Hip.* Good yet, but here's a doubt,

# THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Me thought by'th Dukes sonne to kill that pandar,  
Shall when he is knowne be thought to kill the Duke.

*Vind.* Neither, O thanks, it is substantiall  
For that disguise being on him, which I wore,  
It wil be thought I, which he calls the Pandar, did kil the Duke,  
& fled away in his apparell, leauing him so disguiz'd, to auoide  
swift pursuite. *Hip.* Firmer, and firmer.

*Vind.* Nay doubt not tis in graine, I warrant it hold collour.

*Hip.* Lets about it.

*Vind.* But by the way too, now I thinke on'r, brother,  
Let's coniure that base diuill out of our Mother. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Dutches arme in arme with the Bastard: he seemeth lasciuiously to her, after them, Enter Superuacuo, running with a rapier, his Brother stops him.*

*Spuri.* Madam, vnlock your selfe, should it be scene,  
Your arme would be suspected.

*Duch.* Who ist that dares suspect, or this, or these?  
May not we deale our fauours where we please?

*Spu.* I me, confident, you may. *Exeunt.*

*Amb.* Sfoot brother hold.

*Sup.* Would let the Bastard shame vs?

*Amb.* Hold, hold, brother? there's fitter time then now.

*Sup.* Now when I see it. *Amb.* Tis too much scene already.

*Sup.* Scene and knowne,  
The Nobler she's, the baser is shee growne.

*Amb.* If she were bent lasciuiously, the fault  
Of mighty women, that sleepe soft, -- O death,  
Must shee needes chuse such an vnequall sinner:  
To make all worse.

*Sup.* A Bastard, the Dukes Bastard, Shame heapt on shame.

*Amb.* O our disgrace.

Most women haue small waste the world through-out,  
But there desires are thousand miles about. *Exeunt.*

*Sup.* Come stay not here, lets after, and preuent,  
Or els theile sinne faster then wee le repent.

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, bringing out there Mother  
one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with  
daggers in their hands.*

*Vind.*



# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Vind.* O thou? for whom no name is bad ynough.

*Moth.* What meanes my sonnes what will you murder me?

*Vind.* Wicked, vnnaturall Parents.

*Hip.* Feend of women.

*Moth.* Oh! are sonnes turnd monsters? helpe.

*Vind.* In vaine.

*Moth.* Are you so barbarous to set Iron nipples  
Vpon the brest that gaue you suck.

*Vind.* That brest,  
Is turnd to Quarled poyson.

*Moth.* Cut not your daies for't, am not I your mother?

*Vind.* I thou dost vsurpe that title now by fraud  
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawde.

*Moth.* A bawde? O name far loathsome then hell.

*Hip.* It should be so knewst thou thy Office well.

*Moth.* I hate it.

*Vind.* Ah ist possible, *Thou onely*, you powers on hie,  
That women should dissemble when they die.

*Moth.* Dissemble.

*Vind.* Did not the Dukes sonne direct  
A fellow, of the worlds condition, hither,  
That did corrupt all that was good in thee:  
Made thee vnciuilly forget thy selfe,  
And worke our sister to his lust.

*Moth.* Who I,  
That had beene monstrous? I defie that man:  
For any such intent, none liues so pure,  
But shall be soild with slander, — good sonne beleue it not,

*Vind.* Oh I'me in doubt,  
Whether I'me my selfe, or no,  
Stay, let me looke agen vpon this face.  
Who shall be sau'd when mothers haue no grace.

*Hip.* Twould make one halfe dispaire.

*Vind.* I was the man,  
Defie me, now? lets see, do't modestly.

*Moth.* O hell vnto my soule.

*Vind.* In that disguise, I sent from the Dukes sonne,  
Tryed you, and found you base mettell,

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

As any villaine might haue donne,

*Mo.* O no, no tongue but yours could haue bewitcht me so.

*Vind.* O nimble in damnation, quick in tune,  
There is no diuill could strike fire so soone:  
I am confuted in a word,

*Mot.* Oh sonnes, forgiue me, to my selfe ile proue more true,  
You that should honor me, I kneele to you.

*Vind.* A mother to giue ayme to her owne daughter.

*Hip.* True brother, how far be yond nature 'tis,  
Tho many Mothers do't.

*Vind.* Nay and you draw teares once, go you to bed,  
Wet will make yron blush and change to red:  
Brother it raines, twill spoile your dagger, house it.

*Hip* Tis done.

*Vin.* Yfaith tis a sweete shower, it dos much good,  
The fruitfull grounds, and meadowes of her soule,  
Has beene long dry: powre downe thou blessed dew,  
Rise Mother, troth this shower has made you higher.

*Mot.* O you heauens? take this infectious spot out of my soule,  
Ile rence it in seauen waters of mine eyes?  
Make my teares salt ynough to tast of grace,  
To weepe, is to our sexe: naturally giuen:  
But to weepe truely thats a gift from heauen?

*Vind.* Nay Ile kisse you now: kisse her brother?  
Lets marry her to our soules, wherein's no lust,  
And honorably loue her.

*Hip.* Let it be.

*Vind.* For honest women are so sild and rare,  
Tis good to cherish those poore few that are.  
Oh you of easie waxe, do but imagine  
Now the disease has left you, how leproously  
That Office would haue cling'd vnto your forehead,  
All mothers that had any gracefull hue,  
Would haue worne maskes to hide their face at you:  
It would haue growne to this, at your foule name;  
Greene-collour'd maides would haue turnd red with shame?

*Hip.* And then our sister full of hire, and bassenesse.

*Vind.* There had beene beyling lead agen,  
The dukes sonnes great Concubine:  
A drab of State, a cloath a siluer shur,



To haue her traine borne vp, and her soule traile i'th durt ; great.  
 Hip. To be miserably great, rich to be eternally wretched.

Vind. O common madnesse :

Aske but the thriuingst harlot in cold bloud,  
 Sheed giue the world to make her honour good,  
 Perhaps youle say but onely to'th Dukes sonne,  
 In priuate ; why, shee first begins with one,  
 Who afterward to thousand prooues a whore :  
 „Breake Ice in one place, it will crack in more.

Mother. Most certainly applyed ?

Hip. Oh Brother, you forget our businesse.

Vind. And well remembred, ioye's a subtill elfe,  
 I thinke man's happiest, when he forgets himselfe :  
 Farewell once dryed, now holy-watred Meade,  
 Our hearts weare Feathers, that before wore Lead.

Mother. Ile giue you this, that one I neuer knew  
 Plead better, for, and gainst the Diuill, then you.

Vind. You make me proud ont.

Hip. Commend vs in all vertue to our Sister.

Vind. I for the loue of heauen, to that true maide.

Mother. With my best words.

Vind. Why that was motherly sayd. *Exeunt.*

Mother. I wonder now what fury did transport me?  
 I feele good thoughts begin to settle in me.  
 Oh with what fore-head can I looke on her ?  
 Whose honor I'ue so impiouslie beset,  
 And here shee comes,

Cast. Now mother, you haue wrought with me so strongly,  
 That what for my aduancement, as to calme  
 The trouble of your tongue : I am content.

Mother. Content, to what ?

Cast. To do as you haue wisht me,  
 To prostitute my brest to the Dukes sonne :  
 And put my selfe to common Vsury.

Mother. I hope you will not so.

Cast. Hope you I will not ?  
 That's not the hope you looke to be saued in.

Mother. Truth but it is.

*Cast.* Do not deceiue your selfe,  
I am, as you een out of Marble wrought,  
What would you now, are yee not pleasde yet with me,  
You shall not wish me to be more lasciuious  
Then I intend to be. *Mother.* Strike not me cold,

*Cast.* How often haue you chargd me on your blessing  
To be a cursed woman---when you knew,  
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,  
You laide your curse vpon me, that did more,  
The mothers curse is heauy, where that fights,  
Sonnnes set in storme, and daughters loose their lights?

*Moth.* Good childe, deare maide, if there be any sparke  
Of heavenly intellectuall fire within thee, oh let my breath,  
Reuiue it to a flame:

Put not all out, with womans wilfull follyes,  
I am recouerd of that foule disease  
That haunts too many mothers, kinde forgiue me,  
Make me not sick in health? ---if then  
My words preuailde when they were wickednesse,  
How much more now when they are iust and good?

*Cast.* I wonder what you meane, are not you she  
For whose infect perswasions I could scarce  
Kneele out my prayers, and had much adoo  
In three houres reading, to vntwist so much  
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me.

*Moth.* Tis vnfruitfull, held tedious to repeate whats past,  
Ime now your present Mother. *Cast.* Push, now 'tis too late,

*Moth.* Bethinke agen, thou knowst not what thou sayst.

*Cast.* No, deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne.

*Moth.* O see, I spoke those words, and now they poyson me:  
What will the deed do then?

Aduancement, true: as high as shame can pitch,  
For Treasure; who ere knew a harlot rich?  
Or could build by the purchase of her sinne,  
An hospitall to keepe their bastards in: The Dukes sonne,  
Oh when woemen are yong Courtiers, they are sure to be old  
To know the miseries most harlots taste, (beggars,  
Thoudst wish thy selfe vnborne, when thou art vnchast.

*Cast.* O mother let me twine about your necke,



**THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.**

And kisse you till my soule melt on your lips,

I did but this to trie you.

*Mot.* O speake truth.

*Cast.* Indeed I did not, for no tong has force to alter me from  
If maydens would, mens words could haue no power, (honest  
A vergin honor is a christall Tower.

Which being weake is guarded with good spirits,  
Vntill she basely yeelds no ill inherits.

*Mot.* O happy child! faith and thy birth hath saued me,

Mongst thousand daughters happiest of all others,

Buy thou a glasse for maides and I for mothers.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito.*

*Vin.* So, so, he leanes well, take heede you wake him not bro-

*Hip.* I warrant you my life for yours.

(ther

*Vin.* Thats a good lay, for I must kill my selfe?

Brother thats I: that sits for me: do you marke it,

And I must stand ready here to make away my selfe yonder---I  
must sit to bee kild, and stand to kill my selfe, I could varry it  
not so little as thrice ouer agen, tas some eight returnes like  
Michelmas Tearme.

*Hip.* Thats enow a conscience.

*Vind.* But sirrah dos the Dukes sonne come single?

*Hip.* No, there's the hell on't, his faith's too feeble to go alone?  
hee brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzze against supper  
time, and hum for his coming out.

*Vind.* Ah the fly-slop of vengeance beate 'em to peeces? here  
was the sweetest occasion, the fittest houre, to haue made my  
reueng familiar with him, show him the body of the Duke his  
father, and how quaintly he died like a Polititian in hugger-  
mugger, made no man acquainted with it, and in Catastrophe  
slaine him ouer his fathers brest, and oh I me mad to loose such a  
sweete opportunity.

*Hip.* Nay push, pree-thee be content! there's no remedy pre-  
sent, may not hereafter times open in as faire faces as this.

*Vind.* They may if they can paint so well?

*Hip.* Come, now to auoide al suspition, lets forsake this roome,  
and be going to meete the Dukes sonne. (comes? *Ent.* Lust.

*Vind.* Content, I'me for any wether? heart step closse, here hee

*Hip.* My honord Lord?

*Lus.* Oh me; you both present.

*Vin.* E'en newly my Lord, iust as your Lordship enterd now? a-  
bout this place we had notice giuen hee should bee, but in some

# THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Hip.* Can e your honour priuate ?

*Luff.* Priuate inough for this : onely a few  
Attend my comming out. *Hip.* Death rotte those few.

*Luff.* Stay yonder's the slaue.

*Vind.* Masse there's the slaue indeed my Lord ;  
Tis a good child, he calls his Father slaue.

*Luff.* I, thats the villaine, the dambd villaine : softly,  
Tread easie.

*Vin.* Puh, I warrant you my Lord, weele stifflie in our breaths.

*Luff.* That will do well :  
Base roague, thou sleepest thy last, tis policie,  
To haue him killd in's sleepe, for if he wakt  
Hee would betray all to them.

*Vind.* But my Lord. *Luff.* Ha, what sayst ?

*Vind.* Shall we kill him now hees drunke ? *Luf.* I best of all.

*Vind.* Why then hee will nere liue to be sober ?

*Luf.* No matter, let him reele to hell.

*Vind.* But being so full of liquor, I feare hee will put out all

*Luf.* Thou art a mad brest. (the fire,

*Vin.* And leaue none to warme your Lordships Gols withall ;  
For he that dyes drunke, falls into hell fire like a Bucket a water,  
qush, qush.

*Luf.* Come be ready, nake your swords, thinke of your wrongs  
This slaue has iniur'd you.

*Vind.* Troth so he has, and he has paide well fort.

*Luf.* Meete with him now.

*Vin.* Youle beare vs out my Lord ?

*Luf.* Puh, am I a Lord for nothing thinke you, quickly, now.

*Vind.* Sa, sa, sa : thumpe, there he lyes.

*Luf.* Nimble done, ha ? oh, villaines, murderers,  
Tis the old Duke my father. *Vind.* That's a iest,

*Luf.* What stiffe and colde already ?

O pardon me to call you from your names :

Tis none of your deed, --that villaine *Piato*

Whom you thought now to kill, has murderd him,

And left him thus disguizd. *Hip.* And not vnlikely.

*Vind.* O rascall was he not ashamde,  
To put the Duke into a greasie doublet.

*Luff.*



THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDIE.

*Luff.* He has beene cold and stiff who knowes, how long?

*Vind.* Marry that do I.

*Luff.* No words I pray, off any thing entended:

*Vind.* Oh my Lord.

*Hip.* I would faine haue your Lordship thinke that we haue  
finall reason to prate.

*Luf.* Faith thou sayst true? ile forth-with send to Court,  
For all the Nobles, Bastard, Duchesse, all?  
How here by miracle wec found him dead,  
And in his rayment that foule villaine fled.

*Vind.* That will be the best way my Lord, to cleere vs all: lets  
cast about to be cleere.

*Luff.* Ho; Nencio, Sordido, and the rest.

*Enter all.*

1. My Lord.

2. My Lord.

*Luf.* Be wittneses of a strange spectacle:  
Choosing for priuate conference that sad roome  
We found the Duke my father gealde in bloud.

1. My Lord the Duke--run hie thee Nencio,  
Startle the Court by signifying so much.

*Vind.* Thus much by wit a deepe Reuenger can:  
When murders knowne, to be the cleereft man  
We're fordest off, and with as bould an eye,  
Suruay his body as the flanders by.

*Luff.* My royall father, too basely let bloud,  
By a maleuolent slaue.

*Hip.* Harke? he calls thee slaue agen. *Vin.* Ha's lost, he may.

*Luf.* Oh sight, looke hether, see, his lips are gnawn with poyso.

*Vin.* How--his lips, by'th masse they bee.

*Luf.* O villaine--O roague--O slaue--O rascall:

*Hip.* O good deceite, he quits him with like tearmes.

1. Where.

2. Which way.

*Amb.* Ouer what roose hangs this prodigious Comet,  
In deadly fire.

*Luf.* Behold, behold my Lords the Duke my fathers murderd  
by a vassaile, that owes this habit, and here left disguilde.

*Duch.* My Lord and husband. 2. Reuerend Maiesty.

1. I haue scene these cloths, often attending on him.

*Vin.* That Nobleman, has bin ith Country, for he dos not lie?

# THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

*Sup.* Learne of our mother lets dissemble to,  
I am glad hee's vanisht; so I hope are you?

*Amb.* I you may take my word fort.

*Spur.* Old Dad, dead?

Lone of his cast finnes will send the Fates  
Most hearty commendations by his owne sonne,  
He tug in the new streame, till strength be done.

*Lus.* Where be those two, that did affirme to vs?  
My Lord the Duke was priuately rid forth?

*i.* O pardon vs my Lords, hee gaue that charge  
Vpon our liues if he were mist at Court,  
To answer so; hee rode not any where,  
We left him priuate with that fellow here? *Vind.* Confirme.

*Lus.* O heauens, that false charge was his death,  
Impudent Beggars, durst you to our face,  
Maintaine such a false answer? beare him straight to execution.

*i.* My Lord? *Lus.* Vrge me no more.  
In this the excuse, may be cal'd halfe the murther?

*Vind.* Yo'ue sentencde well.

*Lus.* Away see it be done.

*Vind.* Could you not stick: see what confession doth?  
Who would not lie when men are hangd for truth?

*Hip.* Brother how happy is our vengeance.

*Vin.* Why it hits, past the apprehension of indifferent wits.

*Lus.* My Lord let post horse be sent,  
Into all places to intrap the villaine,

*Vin.* Post-horse ha ha.

*Nob.* My Lord, we're som-thing bould to know our duety?  
Your fathers accidentally departed,  
The titles that were due to him, meete you.

*Lus.* Meete me? I'me not at leisure my good Lord,  
I'ue many greefes to dispatch out ath way:  
Welcome sweete titles,—talke to me my Lords,  
Of sepulchers, and mighty Emperors bones,  
Thats thought for me.

*Vind.* So, one may see by this,  
How forraine markets goe:  
Courtiers haue feete ath nines, and tongues ath twellues,

They



THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

They flatter Dukes and Dukes flatter them-selues.

*Nob.* My Lord it is your shine must comfort vs.

*Luss.* Alas I shine in teares like the Sunne in Aprill.

*Nobl.* Your now my Lords grace?

*Luss.* My Lords grace? I perceiue youle haue it so,

*Nobl.* Tis but your owne.

*Luss.* Then heauens giue me grace to be so?

*Vind.* He praies wel for him-selſe.

*Nobl.* Madame all sorrowes,

Must runne their circles into ioyes, no doubt but time,

Wil make the murderer bring forth him-selſe.

*Vind.* He were an Aſſe then yfaith?

*Nob.* In the meane ſeaſon,

Let vs bethinke the lateſt-funcrall honors:

Due to the Dukes cold bodie,—and withall,

Calling to memory our new happineſſe,

Spreade in his royall ſonne, --- Lords Gentlemen,

Prepare for Reuells.

*Vind.* Reuells.

*Nobl.* Time hath ſeuerall falls,

Greeſes liſt vp ioyes, feaſtes put downe funeralls.

*Lus.* Come then my Lords, my fauours to you all,

The Duchefſe is ſuſpected, ſowly bent,

Ile beginne Dukedome with her baniſhment?

*Exeunt Duke*

*Hip.* Reuells.

*Nobles and Duchefſe.*

*Vind.* I, that's the word, we are firme yet,

Strike one ſtraine more, and then we crowne our wit. *Exen. Bro.*

*Spu.* Well, haue the fayreſt marke, — (ſo ſayd the Duke when he begot me,)

And if I miſſe his heart or neere about,

Then haue at any, a Baſtard ſcornes to be out.

*Sup.* Not'ſt thou that *Spurio* brother.

*And.* Yes I note him to our ſhame.

*Super.* He ſhall not liue, his haire ſhall not grow much longer? in this time of Reuells tricks may be ſet a foote, ſeeſt thou you new Moone, it ſhall out-liue the new Duke by much, this hand ſhall diſpoſſeſſe him, then we're mighty.

A maſke is treaſons licence, that build vpon?

Tis murders beſt face when a vizard's on.

*Exit Super.*

*Amb.*

# THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

*Amb.* Ist so, 'ts very good,  
And do you thinke to be Dukethen, kinde brother :  
Ile see faire play, drop one, and there lies tother. *Exit Ambi.*

*Enter Vindice & Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.*

*Vind.* My Lords; be all of Musick, strike old gricfes into other  
That flow in too much milke, and haue faint liuers, (countries  
Not daring to stab home their discontents :  
Let our hid flames breake out, as fire, as lightning,  
To blast this villanous Dukedome: vext with sinne;  
Winde vp your soules to their full height agen.

*Piero.* How? 1. Which way?

3. Any way: our wrongs are such,  
We cannot iustly be reuengde too much.

*Vind.* You shall haue all enough : ---- Reuels are toward,  
And those few Nobles that haue long suppressd you,  
Are busied to the furnishing of a Maske :  
And do affect to make a pleasant taile ont,  
The Masking suites are fashioning, now comes in  
That which must glad vs all---wee to take patterne  
Of all those suites, the colour, trimming, fashion,  
E'en to an vndistinguisht hayre almost :  
Then entring first, obseruing the true forme,  
Within a straine or two we shall finde leasure,  
To steale our swords out handsomly,  
And when they thinke their pleasure sweete and good,  
In midst of all their ioyes, they shall sigh bloud.

*Pie.* Weightily, effectually, 3. before the tother Maskers come.

*Vind.* We're gone, all done and past.

*Pie.* But how for the Dukes guard? *Vind.* Let that alone,  
By one and one their strengths shall be drunke downe,

*Hip.* There are five hundred Gentlemen in the action,  
That will apply them-selues, and not stand idle.

*Pier.* Oh let vs hug your bosomes. *Vin.* Come my Lords,  
Prepare for deeds, let other times haue words. *Exeunt.*

*In a dum shew, the possessing of the young Duke.  
with all his Nobles: Then sounding Musick.*

*A furnisht Table is brought forth: then enters the Duke  
& his Nobles to the banquet. A blasing star appeareth.  
Noble*



*Noble.* Many harmonious houres, and choicest pleasures,  
Fill vp the royall numbers of your yeares.

*Lus.* My Lords we're pleas'd to thanke you?—tho we know,  
Tis but your duety now to wish it so.

*Nob.* That shine makes vs all happy.

3. *Nob.* His Grace frounes?

2. *Nob.* Yet we must say he smiles. 1. *Nob.* I thinke we must.

*Lus.* That foule-Incontinent Duchesse we haue banisht,  
The Bastard shall not liue: after these Reuells  
He begin strange ones; nee and the stepsonnes,  
Shall pay their liues for the first subsidies,  
We must not frowne so soone, else t'ad beene now?

1. *Nob.* My gracious Lord please you prepare for pleasure,  
The maske is not far off.

*Lus.* We are for pleasure,  
Beshrew thee, what art thou? madst me start?  
Thou hast committed treason,---A blazing star.

1. *Nob.* A blazing star, O where my Lord. *Lus.* Spy out.

2. *Nob.* See, see, my Lords, a wondrous-dreadful one.

*Lus.* I am not pleas'd at that ill-knotted fire,  
That bushing-flaring star,--am not I Duke?  
It should not quake me now: had it appeard,  
Before it, I might then haue iustly feard,  
But yet they say, whom art and learning Weds:  
When stars were locks, they threaten great-mens heads,  
Is it so? you are read my Lords.

1. *Nob.* May it please your Grace,  
It shoves great anger.

*Lus.* That dos not please our Grace.

2. *Nob.* Yet here's the comfort my Lord, many times.  
When it seemes most it threatnes fardest off.

*Lus.* Faith and I thinke so too.

1. *Nob.* Beside my Lord,  
You'r gracefully establisht with the loues  
Of all your subiects: and for naturall death,  
I hope it will be threescore years a comming.

*Lus.* True, no more but threescore years.

1. *Nob.* Fourescore I hope my Lord: 2. *Nob.* And fivescore, I,

3. *Nob.* But tis my hope my Lord, you shall nere die.

*Luf.* Giue me thy hand, these others I rebuke,  
He that hopes so, is fittest for a Duke:  
Thou shalt sit next me, take your places Lords,  
We're ready now for sports, let 'em set on.  
You thing? we shall forget you quite anon!

3. *Nob.* I heare 'em comming my Lord. *Enter the Maske of*

*Luf.* Ah tis well, *Reuengers the two Brothers, and*  
*Brothers, and Bastard, you dance next in hell? two Lords more.*

*The Reuengers daunce?*

*At the end, steale out their swords, and these foure kill the foure at  
the Table, in their Chaires. It thunders.*

*Vind.* Marke, Thunder?

Dost know thy kye, thou big-voyc'd cryer?  
Dukes groanes, are thunders watch-words,

*Hip.* So my Lords, You haue ynough.

*Vind.* Come lets away, no lingring.

*Exeunt.*

*Hip.* Follow, goe?

*Vind.* No power is angry when the lust-ful die,  
When thunder-claps, heauen likes the tragedy.

*Exit Vin.*

*Luf.* Oh, oh.

*Enter the other Maske of entended murderers? Step-sons; Bastard;  
and a fourth man, comming in dauncing, the Duke recouers a  
little in voyce, and groanes,—calls a guard, treason.*

*At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards  
the Table, they finde them all to be murdered.*

*Spur.* Whose groane was that?

*Luf.* Treason, a guard.

*Amb.* How now? all murderd!

*Super.* Murderd!

4. And those his Nobles?

*Amb.* Here's a labour sau'd,

I thought to haue sped him, Sbloud how came this.

*Spur.* Then I proclaime my selfe, now I am Duke.

*Amb.* Thou Duke, brother thou liest,

*Spur.* Slaue so dost thou?

4. Base villayne hast thou slaine my Lord and Maister.

*Enter the first men.*

*Vind.* Pistolls, treason, murder, helpe, guard my Lord the Duke.

*Hip.* Lay hold vpon this Traytors?

*Luf.* Oh.

*Vind.* Alasse, the Duke is murderd.

*Hip.* And the Nobles.

*Vind.*



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

*Vin.* Surgeons, Surgeons, --heart dos he breath so long.

*Ant.* A piteous tragædy, able to wake,  
An old-mans eyes bloud-shot; *Luff.* Oh.

*Vin.* Looke to my Lord the Duke-a vengeance throtle him.  
Confesse thou murderous and ynholloved man,  
Didst thou kill all these?

4. None but the Bastard I,

*Vin.* How came the Duke slaine then;

4. We found him so, *Luff.* O villaine,

*Vin.* Harke. *Luff.* Those in the maske did murder vs,

*Vin.* Law you now sir.

O marble impudence! will you confesse now?

4. Sloud tis all false,

*Ant.* Away with that foule monster,  
Dipt in a Princes bloud.

4. Heart tis a lye,

*Ant.* Let him haue bitter execution.

*Vin.* New marrow no I cannot be exprest,  
How faires my Lord the Duke.

*Luff.* Farewel to al,

Hethat climes highest has the greatest fall,  
My tong is out of office.

*Vin.* Ayre Gentlemen, ayre,

Now thoult not prate ont, twas *Vindice* murdered thee,

*Luff.* Oh.

*Vin.* Murdered thy Father.

*Luff.* Oh.

*Vin.* And I am he-tell no-body, so so, the Dukes departed,

*Ant.* It was a deadly hand that wounded him,

The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway,  
After his death were so made all away,

*Vin.* My Lord was vnlikely, *H.p.* Now the hope,  
Of *Italy* lyes in your reuerend yeares?

*Vin.* Your hayre, will make the siluer age agen,  
When there was fewer but more honest men,

*Anto.* The burdens weighty and will presse age downe,  
May I so rule that heauen nay keepe the crowne,

*Vin.* The rape of your good Lady has beene quited,  
With death on death. *Ant.* Just is the Lawe about

But

How the old Duke was murdered. V. Oh my Lord,

Ant. It was the strangest carried, I not hard of the like,

Hip. Twas all done for the best my Lord, (now,

Vin. All for your graces good? we may be bould to speake it  
Twas some-what witty carried tho we say it.

Twas we two murdered him, Ant. You two?

Vin. None else if with my Lord nay twas well managde,

Ant. Lay hands vpon those villaines. Vin. How? on vs?

Ant. Beare 'em two speedy execution,

Vin. Heart wast not for your good my Lord?

Ant. My good away with 'em such an ould man as he,  
You that would murder him would murder me,

Vin. Itt come about; Hip. Sfoote brother you begun,

Vin. May not we set as well as the Dukes sonne,  
Thou hast no conscience, are we not reuengde?

Is there one enemy left aliue amongst those?

Tis time to die, when we are our selues our foes.

When murders shut deeds closse, this curse does seale 'em,

If none disclose 'em they them selues reueale 'em!

This murder might haue slept in tonglesse brasse,

But for our selues, and the world dyed an asse;

Now I remember too, here was *Piato*. (time

Brought forth a knauish sentance once, no doubt (said he) but

Will make the murderer bring forth himselfe?

Tis well he died, he was a witch,

And now my Lord, since we are in for euer

This worke was ours which else might haue beene clipt,

And if we list we could haue Nobles clipt,

And so for litle then beggers, but we hate

To neede so much as we haue ynough,

For we're well, our Mother turned our Sister true,

Whoe after a nest of Dukes, adue, *Exeunt*

Howe subtilly was that murder closde, beare vp,

The sick bodie, tis a heauy season:

For when their blood may wash away all treason. *Exeunt*

FINIS.



